The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CIX NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1919 No. 2840

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE NATION PRESS, INC

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Four dollars per annum, postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $4.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $5.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, NEW YORK. Chicago Office: Room 1348, People's Gas Bldg. British Agents for Subscriptions and Advertising: Swarthmore Press, Ltd., 72 Oxford St., London.

THE election of Lady Astor to the House of Commons by 5,200 votes over her Labor opponent is less surprising than it is significant and even spectacular. Plymouth is a Unionist stronghold, Lord Astor having been returned from it with a large plurality at the last election; and although in Plymouth as elsewhere the Labor party strength has grown appreciably, the opposition was not very formidable. Lady Astor's two main obstacles were her sex and her American birth. To offset these she brought to the campaign a record of twelve years of philanthropic service in the district, a clever flow of repartee discomfiting to hecklers, much genuine good humor, and the old campaign devices that are still effective in securing votes of holding babies and patting children's heads. It was inevitable that her campaign should be given the widest publicity, but whether or not the support of the Premier and Mrs. Lloyd George was helpful it is hard to say. The career of the first woman member of the House of Commons will be watched with much interest. Lady Astor frankly declares herself to be no economist, but merely a woman who knows the needs of women and children and who will try to meet them. If she brings to a consideration of these problems the same spirit with which she conducted her canvass, she will do a good deal to commend the claim of women to fitness for political life. Three other recent by-elections indicate that party conditions in England are still fluid. In two constituencies Liberal candidates have been beaten by Unionists by unusually small margins, while the election of the one Labor member from Chester-le-Street by a plurality of 12,500 suggests that the Labor landslide which appeared in the recent London elections may be repeated in other Labor centres.

NEW-BORN babies in the maternity hospitals of Vienna are dying of bronchial catarrh and inflammation of the lungs owing to the low temperature of the rooms. Newly-delivered mothers frequently die of the same maladies. Mrs. Albert Halstead, the wife of the American Commissioner at Vienna, has sent an appeal to America for clothes to save the children of the city, many of them suffering from tuberculosis and rickets as the result of prolonged malnutrition, from death by freezing during the winter months. Dr. Adolph Lorenz, the famous orthopedic surgeon, states that 2,000,000 people in Austria are threatened with death from starvation and cold. Dr. Boehm, chief medical officer of Vienna, reports that the amount of food permitted by the ration cards is only from one-third to one-half of the amount required by a normal person. Mrs. Philip Snowden, representing the *Daily Herald* (London) in Austria, writes that no escape from death by starvation and cold for half the population of Vienna appears possible unless immediate steps are taken by Great Britain and the United States to pour into the country a steady stream of food and coal. Owing to the hopeless conditions of daily life many Viennese are going mad. Not one voice from either official or unofficial observers has been raised to contradict the universal statement that the Austrian people, men, women, and little children, are being starved, frozen, and broken on the wheel by the cruel stupidities of the makers of peace. And while the people starve, freeze, and go insane, while revolution is prevented only by physical exhaustion and the inertia of despair, Austria is pledged by the ratification of the peace treaty to give up 4,000 milch cows to Italy and 1,000 each to Serbia and Rumania; 1,000 heifers to Italy, 300 to Serbia, 500 to Rumania; 50 bulls to Italy and 25 each to Serbia and Rumania; 1,000 calves to each of the three nations last mentioned; 1,000 bullocks to Italy and 500 each to Serbia and Rumania; 2,000 sows to Italy, and 1,000 draft horses and 1,000 sheep to both Serbia and Rumania. In addition, Austria loses practically all of its coal mines and much of its best farm land, while financially it is at the mercy of a Reparations Commission.

BETWEEN the demand of Saad Zagloul, head of the Egyptian delegation at Paris, for "complete independence" for his country, and the unequivocal statement of Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons that British supremacy would be maintained "and let nobody in Egypt or elsewhere make any mistake about it," there seems to be an abyss that no stretch of British compromise can succeed in bridging. Egyptian demands for freedom and independence have consistently been met, in characteristic British fashion, by machine guns and the dim promise of a constitution. The peaceable demonstrations of a disarmed people have been countered by the horrors of military occupation and suppression. A new Cabinet has been formed with which the Milner mission may hope to deal, but mean-

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while rioting continues and earnest appeals for a recognition of Egyptian rights continue to be made public. No conclusive testimony has so far been produced to contradict the fact that British rule in Egypt is hated by intellectuals and workers, by townspeople and peasants. Such contradiction is not needed, however, to keep British troops securely stationed in a country standing, as Lord Curzon recently remarked, "at the door of Africa and on the highway to India."

JAPAN, in its dealings with China, continues to profess an unctuous altruism worthy of a Western Power. The Japanese Government has refused to join in the four-Power banking consortium for the financing of China unless Mongolia and Manchuria are excluded from its operations; but there is a large section of Japanese opinion that is opposed to joining on any condition, on the ground that the consortium will supersede Japanese influence in China, which influence has always, it is said, been exercised for China's own good. Japanese newspapers contend that the consortium would be fatal to the "Monroe Doctrine of the East," under which Japan aspires to play in the Orient the rôle which the United States has assumed in the Americas; but there is also a considerable body of public opinion in Japan which is strongly opposed to the imperialism of the present Government. The Chinese people, meantime, appear somewhat unappreciative of Japanese solicitude for their welfare. Japan is widely believed to have spent a good deal of money in corrupting officials of the Chinese Government, but it has succeeded in winning little more than hatred and suspicion from the Chinese population. It is unlikely that the proposed consortium, injurious as it might be to China, would be more harmful to Japanese interests than the Shantung settlement has been. The boycott of Japanese goods, organized as a protest against that settlement, has become so widespread and effective that Japan may be forced to retire from Shantung in order to save its commercial interests in China. Anti-Japanese feeling runs high, and has been the cause of serious trouble in several places. At Tsinanfu three strike leaders were executed by General Ma Liang, a pro-Japanese official who is ruling the city under martial law. An Associated Press dispatch of November 28 reports an attempt on October 31 by a group of Chinese students in Tokio to blow up the Japanese Foreign Office, with the object of avenging the Shantung disgrace. At Fuchow serious riots have occurred, and Japanese troops have landed there and arrested Chinese citizens. Just what justification there is for these acts is not clear. Perhaps the Fuchow riots, like the incident at Tsaochoufu, are to be made the excuse for wringing some concession from the Chinese Government.

THE President's annual message to Congress is not a notable document. For one thing, one misses the characteristic phraseology which has come to pervade Mr. Wilson's public writing, and which makes a composition from his pen easily recognizable. From the standpoint of literary form the message falls into two parts. The first, written in a plain, straightforward style, urges the need of a budget system; a simplification of the income and profits taxes; better supervision of public expenditure; such readjustment of financial and industrial policy as will enable the United States to "share the expanding world markets"; attention to previous recommendations for the development of an American dyestuff industry and the placing of soldiers upon the land; and the encouragement of agriculture, the development of forests, the extension of food control, the regulation of cold storage, and the licensing of all corporations engaged in interstate commerce. There is no reference to the coal situation or to the railways. The second part, dealing with labor and capital and the general condition of social unrest, suggests both Mr. Wilson's literary style and his habit of mind. There is the familiar appeal to lofty sentiments of common interest and good-will, and the old admonition to "put our own house in order." Aside, however, from an endorsement of collective bargaining and of "the principles regarding labor laid down in the covenant of the League of Nations," Mr. Wilson does little more than repeat the old platitudes. To the treaty there are only one or two incidental references. One cannot but wonder whether Mr. Wilson has in fact nothing to say on the great economic questions which are distracting the country and the world, or whether sickness has deprived him of the power to deal with the subject with clearness and vigor.

THE actual condition of President Wilson is a matter in regard to which Congress, as early as possible in the session, should not fail to ask for information. It is now more than two months since Mr. Wilson suffered an alarming physical breakdown, said to have been attended by some indications of mental disturbance as well. In the interval he has been confined to the White House under the care of physicians and nurses, apparently unable, save at rare intervals, to see any one outside of the members of his family. Reports from time to time as to his condition, even when stripped of the irresponsible rumor and exaggeration which are inevitable under the circumstances, are disquieting. The Prince of Wales is able to see the President and chat with him, but appointments with Senators and Representatives are announced and then postponed, and intimate friends of Mr. Wilson fail to see him when they visit Washington, or their letters to him remain unanswered. Meantime Secretary Lansing presides at Cabinet meetings. The whole situation is anomalous. What is Mr. Wilson's condition? Is he physically able to attend to public business, to give advice and direction in Executive matters, to discuss affairs with his Cabinet heads and members of Congress? If he is, no time should be lost in making the fact clear to the public. If he is not, it is for Congress to decide whether or not the condition of Presidential disability for which the Constitution provides has arisen.

GOVERNOR FRAZIER, of North Dakota, and Governor Allen, of Kansas, have followed different courses in attempting to get the mines of their respective States operated during the coal strike. Governor Frazier, after an initial agreement with the miners which satisfied them that they might expect fair treatment, took over the mines, beginning on November 11. He effected an arrangement to curb profiteering; the miners have since been working at the old wages; and the State has been getting coal, despite the issuance of injuctions by minor State courts restraining the Governor from holding and operating the mines. An application for a similar injunction in the Federal district court was denied by Judge Amidon on November 27 in a

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notable decision. In Kansas, Governor Allen took over the mines on November 17 without securing the coöperation of the workers or giving them any satisfactory assurances. Ten days later he was recruiting a working force from among university students and other volunteers (the miners call them strikebreakers). Of course untrained workers cannot be used in regular underground mining, but on December 1 it was announced that four strip mines were in operation with eighteen hundred troops on guard, and that the first cars would move "within a few hours." It is perhaps not without significance that Governor Allen's spectacular action has had columns of space on the front pages, while Governor Frazier's effective work has been almost completely ignored.

ONE might expect that after forty years of endeavor to secure a "living wage" by means of strikes for higher pay, the leaders of the American Federation of Labor would have learned that something more fundamental was needed. Mr. Woll, however, replying to Mr. Hays of the Republican National Committee, assures him that American workers do not want "revolutionary changes" such as shop committees; they want only a voice for their union in the determination of hours and wages. "The right to quit work is the concrete expression of individual liberty," declares Mr. Woll; but beyond that his four-column statement in *The New York Times* scarcely goes. Mr. Gompers's recent declarations in *The World* are equally vigorous in their assertion of the right to strike, and equally empty of indication of any constructive purpose in exercising that right. Indeed, Mr. Gompers actively opposes any endeavor to find a new course. When the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor authorizes a general strike for free speech and free assemblage, Mr. Gompers issues a pronunciamento pointing out the "menace" of "direct action" to "the best form of government yet devised." He has no use for the Labor party or the Plumb plan; he will have nothing to do with unions that are not in "good standing" with the American Federation of Labor; he excommunicates the New York printers and longshoremen who quarrelled with their union officers; he shies off from the steel strike, organized on an industrial rather than on a craft basis; he bursts into cheers for the coal strikers only when the issue of nationalization is forgotten and the right to strike is at stake. He will do his best to keep the Federation clear of Fitzpatricks and Fosters and Maurers who talk of a Labor party, or of industrial democracy, or of anything but Congressional lobbying and strikes for more pay and shorter hours. One wonders how long the Gompers machine can hold its power and what Mr. Gompers will do next to hasten the disintegration of the Federation which he controls.

THERE is material both for a Gilbert and Sullivan opera and for a Victor Hugo novel of the tragedy of human existence in recent happenings at Ellis Island. The Committee on Immigration of the House of Representatives had evidence placed before it of delay in connection with deportations, and heard other complaints against the administration of Mr. Frederic C. Howe, who was in charge at Ellis Island until his resignation a short time ago. Mr. Howe has not yet told his side of the story to the Committee, but in a short statement to the press he has called attention to the impossibility during the war, and even now, of deportations to central Europe. While the Committee was at Ellis Island, some seventy persons awaiting hearings in deportation proceedings organized a soviet, and went first on a silence and then on a short-lived hunger strike because a wire screen was placed between them and their visitors. The incident was turned into humorous reading by the daily press, with general indifference to the tragic situation of men who are victims not so much of a wire screen between them and their friends as of a screen of prejudice between them and the public, raised by the same newspapers that find amusement in the imprisonment, almost directly under the torch of the Statue of Liberty, of persons who sought America as a land of freedom. To deport aliens who have been convicted of crime and served their sentences may be a wise policy. To deport aliens who have not been so convicted is to encourage the belief that conviction is impossible.

MOST of the newspapers that covered their front pages last summer with accounts of the raid on the Rand School in New York, and the proposal of the Lusk Committee to close the place and cancel the charter because of seditious activities, found no room to chronicle the collapse of the suit last week. The case was first called for trial in the State Supreme Court on July 30, at which time the Deputy Attorney General said he was not ready to proceed and asked for a postponement until October 15. Justice McAvoy suggested a shorter interval, but it was not accepted and the complaint was thereupon dismissed. The Attorney General asked to have the dismissal set aside. Justice Gavegan heard the argument, and last week denied the request. This probably ends the case against the American Socialist Society, which conducts the Rand School. It is still possible to continue the action, but progress thus far indicates that the Lusk Committee has no evidence other than harmless publications which it could have bought any day at the Rand School book shop. Besides, the Committee has demonstrated that its mission is not prosaic legal procedure but spectacular action designed to bully liberal opinion. For this purpose the Rand School has lost its novelty.

THE annual armistice has ended another football season. The bets are all paid, the gate-money tucked away, the deficits exhibited and explained. Now begin the historians, as of the greater war, and the strategists after the fact, and the remorseless statisticians who dribble percentages—to say nothing of moralists here and there to count up the season's casualties. Already there have appeared discussions of what football owes to the war. Team work, say the apologists, now means more than ever to men who stood shoulder to shoulder with their buddies on Flanders Fields. The discipline of the training table will be easy to enforce upon men who accepted voluntary rationing for the sake of hungry Belgium. The firmness inculcated in bayonet drill and the thoroughness involved in the military duty known as "mopping up" have steeled the nerves of men who might otherwise have flinched and might not have hit the line hard. Patriotism, having enormously increased its capital stock, will be diverted now—in part—to heighten college spirit. The immediate influence will of course not last forever, for soon the actual warriors who faced the Hun will have been invalided from the gridiron by academic old age, but younger men will take their place, and their spirit will last forever. The war will not be wasted.

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Nagging at Mexico

REFLECTIVE newspaper readers cannot have failed to note the regularity with which the Mexican news becomes worse as other issues press less insistently upon public attention. Almost a year since, *The Nation* called attention to the newspaper technique of war-making and its impending application to Mexico. During the year now past American newspapers, with honorable exceptions, have displayed prominently every report, whether true or false, of disorder in Mexico; have suppressed every suggestion of American responsibility for untoward incidents such as the loss of our aviators flying, contrary to international law, south of the border; have given an anti-American appearance to happenings in Mexico not properly capable of such interpretation; have belittled the achievements of the Carranza Government; and have persistently represented that Government as seeking an occasion of quarrel with the United States. Public opinion is evidently being prepared for the job of "cleaning up Mexico" by being led to the belief that conditions there are growing worse.

Unhappily, the American Government cannot be acquitted of responsibility for the current intervention talk. Far from displaying a neighborly sympathy with the Mexican Government in its attempt to work out an advanced economic and social policy, both the Executive and the Congress at Washington have lent a willing ear to American capitalists unfavorably affected by that policy. The action of the Department of State, indeed, appears almost deliberately provocative. We do not overlook the great difficulties of the situation or the evident faults of the Carranza Government. But the information made public in Washington and the tone of the various notes addressed to Mexico lead to an uncomfortable suspicion that our Government is pursuing a course designed to end in armed intervention.

The latest conspicuous incident is the kidnapping of Consular Agent Jenkins of Puebla, his release on payment of ransom, and his subsequent arrest by the Mexican authorities on a charge of perjury. The facts are by no means clear as yet, but evidently there should be the utmost reserve in accepting Mr. Jenkins's version of the affair. First, he announces in a letter given to the press from Washington that his captors declared that their main purpose in carrying him off was "to demonstrate that the present Government of Mexico was not able to give guarantees, not even in the second city of the country." Remarkable bandits! Second, numerous persons in the town of Malscatepec state that on the day of the abduction they saw Mr. Jenkins arrive at that town in an automobile and meet amicably his alleged kidnappers. Third, the Governor of Puebla gives out a body of detailed information tending to convict Mr. Jenkins of falsehood. Fourth, Mr. Jenkins, while alleging unfair treatment by the local authorities, refuses to take his case into the Federal courts. Fifth, although bail has been fixed in the nominal sum of 1,000 pesos, Mr. Jenkins remains ostentatiously in jail, where, according to his friends, he is treated with every consideration, receiving dozens of visitors daily and conducting his business regularly.

Yet in such a situation our Department of State declares itself "surprised and exasperated" at Mr. Jenkins's arrest, demands his immediate release, and warns the Mexican Government that "the persistent persecution and subsequent arrest of Mr. Jenkins cannot but have a serious effect on the relations between the two countries, for which the Mexican Government will be solely responsible." In a reply whose courtesy and regard for law, both domestic and international, the Department would do well to imitate, the Mexican Government points out sound legal reasons why it cannot accede to the demand upon it. The substance of Mr. Lansing's response, made public on December 1, is that the charges against Mr. Jenkins and the procedure under them are mainly technical, that the Mexican Government does not prevent bandits from operating in and near Puebla, and that "the exposure, hardships, and physical suffering endured by Jenkins" have aroused the feelings of the American people "to the point of indignation." Is it not time for Mr. Lansing to make public the facts, if he has them, about the Jenkins case, and quit bandying technicalities or playing further upon public "indignation"?

Jenkins incidents come and go, but oil flows on forever. Behind all anti-Mexican propaganda lies one fundamental fact—Article 27 of the new Constitution, nationalizing the petroleum deposits. The present Mexican Government is attempting, so far as possible, to recover for the people the wonderful natural resources granted to individuals and corporations under the old Government. In that attempt it has come into conflict with powerful business interests, both Mexican and American, with which it ought to deal justly, as it apparently intends to do. It will be to the everlasting shame of the American people if they allow their Government to make war on Mexico on such flimsy and immoral pretexts as the Jenkins incident, joined to the schemes of the oil interests, affords.

The Old Treaty or a New One

MR. LODGE is quoted as saying that the fourteen reservations which were laid before the Senate are "the irreducible minimum," and that if the President wishes to have the treaty with Germany ratified promptly, "he has only to accept the reservations as they stand." The reservations, in other words, are an ultimatum. We hope that Mr. Lodge actually means something different from what he seems to mean or imply. It is true that the reservations, if approved by the Senate and accepted by the other signatory Powers, would rid the treaty of some of its objectionable features. The United States would be freed, for example, from any obligation to preserve the territorial integrity or political independence of any other nation, or to interfere in controversies between nations, or to accept a mandate in any part of the world, without the assent of Congress. The handing over of Shantung to Japan would be negatived; the Reparations Commission would be denied the power to interfere, without Congressional approval, with trade between Germany and the United States; and the indefensible voting privilege accorded to colonies or dominions of Great Britain would practically disappear. If we must have the Treaty of Versailles, it is manifestly better to have it with the reservations than without them.

The action of the Senate in refusing assent approving the treaty, however, even after certain of the proposed reservations, clearly indicates that a considerable number of Senators, if not a two-thirds majority of the chamber, do not want the treaty either with amendments or without. Mr. Lodge himself, by bringing forward a resolution to declare

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the state of war between the United States and Germany at an end, proposes an action whose natural consequence would be the negotiation of a separate peace with Germany. The Treaty of Versailles declares that "from the coming into force of the present treaty the state of war will terminate," and that "from that moment," subject to the provisions of the treaty, "official relations with Germany and with any of the German States will be resumed by the Allied and Associated Powers." If the Senate really intends to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, Mr. Lodge's resolution is superfluous, since the very purpose which the resolution contemplates will be automatically accomplished by the treaty which, assuming that Mr. Lodge's latest pronouncement is correct, the Senate stands ready to ratify if only Mr. Wilson will accept the fourteen reservations.

From the moment when the terms of the treaty were first made public, *The Nation* has declared that the treaty ought not to be ratified, either with amendments and reservations or without them. It has insisted that the treaty was bad, and that no amount of tinkering or overhauling could make it good. It has deprecated the one-sided discussion of the treaty in the Senate and the press, under which the substantive provisions of the treaty so far as Germany is concerned have been almost lost sight of in the attack upon the covenant of the League of Nations. We reiterate the same contentions now. However commendable Mr. Lodge's reservations may be as palliatives, however much they may safeguard legitimate American interests which without them would have been jeopardized, they affect but little the general substance of the treaty itself.

What a new treaty should or should not contain is, of course, too large a question for full consideration here. Certain points, however, are clear. The treaty should not attempt to create a league of nations. The more the covenant provisions of the Versailles treaty are examined, the more fraught with mischievous implications they appear; and since the conclusion of peace is of more pressing consequence than the creation of a league of nations, the treaty should deal with peace and not with the league. Concurrently with the acceptance of the treaty by the Senate, however, or even before the terms of the treaty have been agreed upon, Congress should by resolution declare the purpose of the United States to work for the creation of a true league of nations, and should promptly take the necessary steps to put its resolution into effect. The treaty should renounce any claim to war indemnity on the part of the United States, and should impose no restrictions upon the resumption of trade and intercourse between the two countries or upon the commercial and industrial recovery of Germany itself. It should provide for the restoration of the private property of German subjects seized during the war. It should make clear that the United States will not be a party to, nor look with favor upon, any international agreements arising out of the war which forcibly deprive Germany of territory, or appropriate its natural resources for the payment of indemnities, reparations, or punitive damages, or subject its commerce or industry to foreign control; but it should at the same time require such restriction of German armaments as, having regard to the reasonable necessities of police and of defense, may prevent the revival of German militarism and help toward world peace. If the Senate will insist upon such provisions as these, there will be more than one generation to rise up and call it blessed.

Peace with Russia

AS a practical venture the Allied Russian policy had admittedly broken down when Mr. Lloyd George, in his Guildhall speech on November 8, revived the suggestion of a conference to bring about peace in Russia. Although he asserted stubbornly that he did not "grudge a penny" of Great Britain's expenditures in Russia, he confessed in effect that, so far as practical results were concerned, the money might as well have been kept at home. "Obviously," said *The Manchester Guardian*, "after these avowals, the policy of intervention is doomed." This opinion was echoed by all the important newspapers in England—jubilantly by the labor press, soberly by the liberal press, indignantly or scornfully by the conservative press. No subsequent statements of the Prime Minister have detracted in any degree from the force of this admission; and although the Government has been at pains to deny that the conference between Mr. O'Grady and M. Litvinov at Copenhagen has any political significance, peace and rumors of peace fill the minds of men and the columns of the press. Meanwhile the anti-Bolshevist forces are broken on every front, and the soldiers of Judenitch, who fought the battle of the Allies on the northwestern front, are reported to be dying of wounds and disease on account of the withdrawal of British money and aid.

Again and again, during the past year, *The Nation*, in common with other liberal and radical journals, has pointed out the results which must inevitably follow the Allied policy of force and strangulation in Russia. No one has visualized the situation more clearly or stated the case with greater vigor than Mr. Lloyd George. One recalls, at this humiliating moment in the course of Allied relations with Russia, the remarks of Mr. Lloyd George, made in the office of M. Pichon at the Quai d'Orsay on January 16, and made public by Mr. Bullitt in his testimony before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations on September 12: "The mere idea of crushing Bolshevism by a military force is pure madness. . . . If he now proposed to send a thousand British troops to Russia for that purpose, the armies would mutiny. . . . If a military enterprise were started against the Bolsheviki, that would make England Bolshevist, and there would be a Soviet in London." As for the blockade, he added, "it would not result in the starvation of the Bolsheviki; it would simply mean the death of our friends. The cordon policy is a policy which, as humane people, those present could not consider. . . . Conditions in Russia are very bad. . . . It is not known who is obtaining the upper hand, but the hope that the Bolshevik Government would collapse had not been realized. In fact, there is one report that the Bolsheviki are stronger than ever, that their internal position is strong, and that their hold on the people is stronger." In the Ukraine, for example, it is reported "that the peasants are becoming Bolsheviki. It is hardly the business of the Great Powers to intervene either in lending financial support to one side or another, or in sending munitions to either side."

Yet for almost a year after that notable facing of the facts, the Allied Powers have continued to lend financial support and to send munitions in aid of the counter-revolution. For almost a year the cordon policy has been the policy of "those present" at the Quai d'Orsay, and an attempt to crush Bolshevism by force has been the accepted procedure of the

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Allied Powers. For almost a year this policy of "pure madness" has continued in effect, and still "the hope that the Bolshevist Government would collapse" has not been realized.

A year ago, the Allies might have made peace with Russia on their own terms. They might even, as Mr. Lloyd George urged, have "summoned these people to Paris to appear before those present, somewhat in the way that the Roman Empire summoned chiefs of outlying tributary states to render an account of their actions." Today, however, the Bolsheviki are victorious in the field, powerful at home, and will come to any conference only with the confidence born of successful defense against a ring of powerful enemies. Now is the time for Allied statesmanship to assert itself, to try to realize its position, and to act upon that realization. The plain fact is that the world needs peace with the Bolsheviki; force of arms, starvation, misrepresentation, shameless intrigue, have all served to harden the suspicions of the Soviet Government toward the "bourgeois" nations of the West. Peace will have to be made with the present Government of Russia, trade will have to be established on equal terms, Russian citizens in other countries will have to be assured of fair treatment socially and before the law, and the Soviet Government will have to be recognized. Obviously, the Allies have a right to demand protection for their nationals in Soviet Russia, but further than that they may not go. Toleration by the Bolsheviki of the forms of government prevalent elsewhere must be met by an equal toleration of communism and soviet rule in Russia. The conclusion of such a peace is the only step that can save the world from the logical consequences of Allied policy. If statesmanship and honesty are lacking, the world may have to face years, perhaps generations, of what Mr. Lloyd George has called "swaying campaigns," devastating central and eastern Europe and menacing with invasion and revolution the civilization of western Europe.

Geoffrey Crayon

MANY busy pens have written many centennial articles this year, and yet no one has paid the proper honors to that blithe centenarian who still survives with most of his faculties about him—Mr. Geoffrey Crayon. It was during 1819 that he gave nearly all the happiest strokes to his "Sketch Book"; indeed, it was almost exactly a hundred years ago this week that he put into final form The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, beyond which his art was never able to go though he wrote four hearty decades longer. Earlier in the year he had already enlivened and enriched the universe with Rip Van Winkle, and between these two indisputable climaxes of his achievement had brought forth nearly the whole of the earliest volume of belles-lettres by an American to catch and hold an international audience. The vogue of "The Sketch Book" is perhaps not what it was during its first half century. Of how many books cannot such a thing be said? But it has never ceased to amuse, and it has long stood in the decisive position of that classic in English which youthful foreigners, from Switzerland to Japan and in most of the lands that lie between, are likely to study first in learning the English language. To have done for a hundred years what Addison with his "Spectator" did the hundred years before points to a vitality in Mr. Crayon which not a few of us may have overlooked. We have been taking him for granted, as a natural part of the landscape of letters, hardly conscious how much we should lack if he had never lived.

Let us admit, of course, that like some other gentlemen of the old school he has about him certain airs and graces that we smile at in 1919. He was the child, for instance, of a generation to whom tears must have been less salt and hot than we think tears now, else they could never have been endured in such multitudinous floods; witness his stories The Wife (all that fuss made over a wife who continues to love her husband though he has lost money!) and The Pride of the Village. Mr. Crayon trifled, too, with village antiquities a good deal in the curious spirit of Sylvanus Urban, though in a mellower style than Mr. Urban often used. Consider such philanderings with "nature" as Rural Life in England and Rural Funerals. In general it may be said that Mr. Crayon hankered for the past with a tender insistence upon the solidity of old beef and the flavor of old ale and the color of old customs. But he was a dilettante who did the work of a pioneer. Following his amiable trail all Americans for a century have visited Stratford and Westminster Abbey. Englishmen through him came to appreciate the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap and the racy characters of such a London quarter as Little Britain. Boz himself began his career as a candid disciple of Geoffrey Crayon in the celebration of London streets and faces; and when Boz later rose to the height of a greater argument in his Christmas books he overthrew a Puritan prejudice and revived the ancient cult of Father Christmas with not a little help from Mr. Crayon, who had grown up in a region acquainted with the annual visits of the Dutch St. Nicholas.

But Mr. Crayon must not be looked at as merely a man who poured all his forces into no matter how prosperous a stream. He stands sturdily at the source of the modern short story, which begins with Rip Van Winkle. Before it, The Vision of Mirza and Moral Tales; after it, an old art learning so many new tricks that it sometimes seems a new one. In place of allegories and apologues and sketches of character and manners we have for a century had stories of actual persons and specific situations, pointing morals a shade (or several shades) less obtrusively, and set down less in the service of satire or moralism than at the instigation of sheer delight in the variety and color of life. Yet of the thousands of such tales which have been written none has surpassed Rip Van Winkle and The Legend of Sleepy Hollow on their own ground. They have ripened not faded, sweetened not withered, with age. And while their lines have gone out through all the earth, so that Rip is everywhere the symbol of those fortunate souls who can hibernate their cares away, they belong to the soil as do no other American legends. Oddly enough, when he wrote these stories Mr. Crayon had never seen more of Rip's Catskill village than he could see from the deck of a Hudson River sloop; the story of the Headless Horseman was first told him in England, when he had been absent from his native state for a dozen years. Homesickness, which had forgotten irrelevant details, helped his imagination. Nor let it be unnoticed that Diedrich Knickerbocker appears as the narrator. Therein lies a large part of the secret. The urbane and smiling cosmopolite collaborated with the homebred, assiduous antiquary. When Geoffrey Crayon called Diedrich Knickerbocker into consultation, experience shook hands with knowledge, and breadth with depth; English made common cause with Dutch; conquering New York embraced a reconciled Nieuw Amsterdam.

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The Fight in the Senate

By LINCOLN COLCORD

Washington, December 1

THERE are so many viewpoints from which the Senate's action on the peace treaty is being regarded that the man in the street may well wonder what really has happened. Some declare that the Republicans killed the treaty by reservations, others that the President killed it when he could not have his way. Conservatives and liberals find themselves united in satisfaction at the result—a comradeship at which the conservatives, at any rate, are not a little puzzled and alarmed. Never were lines more mixed, allegiances more contradictory, or categories harder to define.

In spite of apparent confusion and contradiction, however, there is a single point of view and a real issue. The treaty in its original form has not been ratified. The works of Versailles have been repudiated by America. The honor of the United States has not been committed to the support of a compact which betrayed every aim for which we entered the war. The error and tragedy of Mr. Wilson's diplomacy have not been written into the future of the nation. The purpose of European imperialism to back its designs by the wealth of America has been foiled.

All this, of course, might have been accomplished cleanly and bravely in the beginning had Mr. Wilson held to the course which he himself laid down. It might have been accomplished by genuine leadership acting through executive channels. The promise and the power were plainly in sight; no other man ever confronted so magnificent an opportunity; and the consummation of it would have been a wonderful thing for the world. But the leadership failed, and the decision for us was thrown back upon the legislative branch of government. This meant delay and infinite confusion. The cry of politics could be raised—was raised, indeed, most vociferously, by the very forces which had so miserably failed to carry forward the right executive action. But for all the delay and confusion, for a year's pain and suffering in Europe, and for the terrible errors and dangers which have arisen meanwhile throughout the world, Mr. Wilson is himself solely to blame. The delay was necessary; he forced it upon the nation when he demanded the ratification of an evil compact. It is no slight thing that, in spite of all, against every conceivable obstacle, the right has been maintained. Little wonder that the action for the present seems obscure; enough that the decision actually has been recorded. Public opinion, whose ignorance has been one of the main stumbling-blocks, does not yet realize what an unnatural strain has been placed upon our governmental machinery by this shifting of the burden, what a tremendous effort has been put forth, and what a moral victory achieved.

Looking at the case broadly, in the light of general principles, there are four considerations which immediately come to mind, on any one of which America may well congratulate herself. First, the action of the Senate in its repudiation of the Versailles treaty has been a triumph for freedom of discussion. Second, it has been a triumph for moral forces. Third, it has been a triumph of fact over opinion. Fourth, it has been a triumph for true Americanism.

Without the open hearings before the Foreign Relations Committee, and without the months of free discussion on the floor of the Senate, it is plain that the peace treaty as it originally emerged from behind the closed doors of Versailles would long since have been written into the obligations of America. The value of these months of discussion to public opinion, to the tone and intelligence of the country, has been literally incalculable. When the treaty first reached us, America was still blinded by emotionalism and mad with war mania. To the red-eyed citizen of that day, there could be no good in Germany, no evil in France or England. Powerful propaganda had robbed us alike of our information and of our reason. We were in no condition to estimate the peace treaty or anything else at its real value. During the negotiations in Paris, not the slightest effort was made to liberate us from this evil enchantment; the Administration, indeed, was playing with us the game of European diplomacy, and playing it for the same autocratic ends. It did not want an enlightened public opinion in America; either deliberately or unconsciously, it matters not which, Mr. Wilson was willing to keep the country in ignorance of true conditions in order to have his own untrammelled way. All this was gradually changed as the discussion of the treaty went on in the Senate; the tone of the country became more and more liberal respecting the treaty issue, the truth could be spoken without meeting the accusation of pro-Germanism, and the hallucination that America was under moral obligations to do everything and maintain everything that Versailles decreed gave place to a more normal and practical frame of mind. Certain unpleasant facts could be pointed out. A spade could be called a spade. Reason was rescued from the limbo to which it had been consigned by an academic crusader. Freedom of discussion alone had made this possible.

The second feature of the treaty fight in the Senate is that the Republican forces have constantly held the moral issue over President Wilson. In fact, throughout the argument the Democrats have had practically no moral issue at all. Their position has been: "Pass the treaty—Wilson is the great leader—he has given the word of America—we must be loyal to him—you are plunging the world into Bolshevism—pass the treaty." When asked if Mr. Wilson had not exceeded his authority, or when invited to examine the treaty itself on a basis of fact, they had no answer. They raised the most violent accusations of political manipulation because they themselves were playing politics with the treaty. Their tactics took back directly to Mr. Wilson's stubborn and autocratic psychology. He would not budge an inch—so they all fell together. An excellent instance of Republican superiority on the moral issue was shown after the final vote had been taken. Senator Lodge stated that he wanted to carry the treaty to the polls—in other words, that he wanted to submit it to a referendum of the people. Senator Hitchcock countered by accusing the Republicans of planning to throw the treaty into politics. "It is politics against patriotism," said Senator Hitchcock. "We choose patriotism. The patriotic thing to do is to pass the treaty." Here is a handsome position for Mr. Wilson's leader to find himself in! Apparently, he opposes a referendum. Is there any way to submit an issue to the people except to take it

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into politics? And it must be obvious to every schoolboy, of course, that the patriotic thing to do is first to find out what sort of treaty you are passing.

It is perhaps only a variation of the same statement to say that the defeat of the treaty is a triumph of fact over opinion; for facts are nothing but morals, in the final analysis. The chief immorality of President Wilson's course, an immorality which he has succeeded in imposing upon his party and inculcating in the minds of all those who surround him, has been the failure to face and deal with facts, and the consequent insistence upon unsupported opinions. In a real sense, Mr. Wilson has been academic and theoretical rather than practical, and has flown to autocracy as a refuge from his gathering errors. The fatal weakness of such a course is now made manifest. The Republican forces, on the other hand, have been led by men whose willingness to face and deal with facts is perhaps their main virtue. I have no illusions as to the liberalism of Senator Lodge, for instance, yet I know him to be a more practical man than Senator Hitchcock. Senator Lodge would not sanction a dangerous or impossible treaty, even though in his heart he agreed with its terms; he would examine the facts and the chances rather candidly, in the knowledge that an attempt to achieve the impossible ends in disaster. Senator Hitchcock, by his own admission, would sanction any treaty which was a Wilson treaty, regardless of its terms; and this, of course, quite frankly has been the position of the Democratic party.

Under all three of the foregoing heads, it should be recognized that the insurgent Republican group, with the addition of a single Democrat, have furnished the leadership and wielded the real influence. Johnson, Borah, Knox, Reed, McCormick, Norris, La Follette, France, Moses, Brandegee—these are the men who have kept the pot boiling; these are the men who have reëstablished freedom of discussion, who have maintained the moral issue, who have rolled down an avalanche of facts upon the President's jaunty company. These are the men, too, who have shocked their weaker brethren into a measure of conviction, who have kept stiff the backbone of the opposition, who have lifted the whole fight to a higher plane. I believe that, as a result of this leadership, the action of the Senate represents in the main a genuine moral effort, a product of real conviction. This statement has almost a sentimental sound. I do not mean that politics has not entered into the fight, or that the Senate of the United States stands in permanent prospect of action on a basis of conviction. But I do mean that, given Senators as they are, with the moral fibre remaining to them after the experience through which they have become Senators, the action under discussion represented a more generous element of conviction than reasonably could have been expected. Let partisans say what they will, the opposition to the treaty derived its real strength, not from arguments of narrow and provincial selfishness, but from an understanding of the broader evils of the treaty provisions. It was on the ground that the Versailles compact insulted the intelligence of civilization and endangered the peace of the whole world that the fight in the Senate was able to carry on. The position held by Senator Knox, as brave and independent a stand as ever has been taken on the floor of the Senate, illustrates forcibly the point I have in mind. At an early day, and when he knew the argument would be unpopular, he did not hesitate to attack the treaty on the score of its moral depravity and injustice to the enemy.

The best proof, however, of the moral integrity of the Republican forces in the treaty fight lies in the fact that the financial support of the party was opposed to the course that was being followed. American banking influence, which is known to be largely Republican in its personnel, was thrown almost as a unit behind the demand for immediate ratification of the treaty and adoption of the League of Nations covenant; Mr. Root, as lobbyist for this influence, brought extraordinary pressure to bear upon recalcitrant Republicans; the League to Enforce Peace, under the leadership of ex-President Taft, conducted a powerful campaign throughout the country; and Senators unaccustomed to kicking over the traces found their knees knocking together and their hearts turning to water as they faced the possibility of an independent decision. It is reported that this pressure extended even to the witholding of funds for party activities; that Mr. Hays at one time was refused support from three important sources which year after year had contributed to the Republican treasury; that at another time he was hard put to it to raise $50,000 for the bare running expenses of the National Committee.

My final consideration, that the rejection of the treaty is a triumph for true Americanism, may be open to misunderstanding. As to government, the issue is obscure. I believe that the American form of government is both cumbersome and inflexible, that it was not devised to govern the sort of nation which we now have become, and that it requires serious and practical modifications to bring it abreast of the present era and to fit it to deal with the many new forces which motivate the life of the nation. I believe that we are confronted by pressing dangers today on account of the rigidity and ineptitude of our governmental form. But while we must continue to advocate constructive modifications in government, and while we must, above all, preserve the right freely and openly to advocate such changes, it would be extremely unwise to undervalue the strength or the virtue of the government we have. In the present crisis, great blame attaches to President Wilson for having forced an unnatural burden upon the Congress. It is true that Congress has neglected the domestic situation for the past year, at a time when such neglect was well-nigh fatal; it is true that the Senate, lost in consideration of the peace treaty, has been literally impervious to the condition of the country. But whose fault was that? The treaty has been repudiated, at any rate; and the country, and perhaps the world, has been saved from immeasurable future difficulties.

It is chiefly by comparison that America may boast. The House of Commons ratified the Versailles treaty without a murmur, with hardly a dissenting voice, with the barest pretense of discussion. The French Chamber of Deputies ratified it with scarcely less haste and subserviency. Japan ratified by imperial decree, and her Constitution requires no legislative sanction. In Italy the treaty already has been ratified by royal decree; but the new Chamber there under the influence of the Socialists, may refuse to sustain the action of the Crown. This will throw open the question with respect to the peculiar triumph of America. Yet we have borne the brunt of the battle. Something in American life, compounded of government, nature, spirit, tradition, atmosphere—something abstract in the analysis, but concrete in the result—made it possible for the unwieldy Senate to stand in the breach for many months against the cohorts of world imperialism, and to achieve a victory whose results will influence far distant history.

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BEREA, OHIO

The Neighborliness of Robert Frost

By G. R. ELLIOTT

THAT very readiness with which critics have responded, during the past five years, to Robert Frost's singular charm has withheld attention from his representative meaning. The local and individual qualities of his art have been praised at the expense of its wider significance. Considered broadly, his work appears as the poetry of true neighborliness emerging from the romance of human brotherhood. The aspiring poetry of human love and fellowship, which has been flowering and reflowering for more than a century, has no doubt had at its root an actual social desire for such a brotherhood of man as the world has never yet attained. But the expression of that desire in verse has persistently remained over-idealistic. This is most strikingly the case in such recent "realistic" poetry as, while determinedly reacting from romance in several other respects, has still clung to certain thinly idealistic notions of human brotherhood. Mr. Frost is distinguished among our realists by his degree of freedom from such notions. He has attained this freedom, not by reacting from romance still more urgently than his fellow-craftsmen, but by keeping his eye more faithfully than they on the facts of human nature in the immediate neighborhood. In the same way he has been able to envisage, far more positively than others, the human spirit of neighborliness: the spirit which enables people to live together more or less fruitfully in a small community, and which, with all its meannesses, comprises the basal conditions of the wider human brotherhood. To this wider ideal Mr. Frost is by no means insensible, but he always distils it into local terms. Hence the continual sense of breadth, puzzling at first, which the reader experiences in moving through the quaint little world of "North of Boston": its creator has epitomized, intuitively, this larger world of ours, in which the ideal of human brotherhood is now being put through the drab test of actual and local conditions. Thus, while aiming to be faithfully local, Mr. Frost has become more deeply representative than many poets who have set themselves at catching the spirit of our age.

His first book, "A Boy's Will," in which the pieces are serially arranged to adumbrate the author's development, shows him gradually passing over from the poetry of romantic mood into the poetry of neighborliness. The opening poems render the youth's preoccupation with the flux of his own longings and with nature's shifting phenomena. "The youth is persuaded," as the author's rubric puts it, "that he will be rather more than less himself for having forsworn the world." But from this mood of isolation the "youth" does not seek relief by swinging over into the opposite mood of vague, restless sympathy with mankind in general. He finds that his forward path lies through his everyday relations with the person who is nearest him, and through everyday labors. It is significant that in Mowing and its sequel, The Tuft of Flowers, where the poet lays hold of his most characteristic style, the "youth" attains his truest social standpoint. "He takes up life simply," says the author's rubric, "with the small tasks." He discovers first the firm personal joy, and subsequently the firm social sympathy, which may be drawn from true labor. The sympathy he wins is less an emotional aim than a spiritual result; it is not constructed through the medium of sympathetic words; it ensues from common joy, effort, and weariness under the yoke of a common task. The process of it is veraciously given in The Tuft of Flowers:

> I went to turn the grass once after one
> Who mowed it in the dew before the sun.
>
> The dew was gone that made his blade so keen
> Before I came to view the levelled scene.
>
> I looked for him behind an isle of trees;
> I listened for his whetstone on the breeze.
>
> But he had gone his way, the grass all mown,
> And I must be, as he had been—alone,
>
> "As all must be," I said within my heart,
> "Whether they work together or apart."

Presently, guided by a butterfly, the second worker finds a tuft of flowers which his predecessor had looked upon and spared:

> The mower in the dew had loved them thus,
> By leaving them to flourish, not for us,
>
> Nor yet to draw one thought of ours to him
> But from sheer morning gladness at the brim.
>
> The butterfly and I had lit upon,
> Nevertheless, a message from the dawn,
>
> That made me hear the wakening birds around,
> And hear his long scythe whispering to the ground,
>
> And feel a spirit kindred to my own;
> So that henceforth I worked no more alone;
>
> But glad with him, I worked as with his aid,
> And weary, sought at noon with him the shade;
>
> And dreaming, as it were, held brotherly speech
> With one whose thought I had not hoped to reach.
>
> "Men work together," I told him from the heart,
> "Whether they work together or apart."

This note is prefixed to the opening poem of "North of Boston:" "Mending Wall takes up the theme where A Tuft of Flowers in 'A Boy's Will' laid it down." And, indeed, the dominant motif of Mr. Frost's second and chief volume is developed from the chord he found in A Tuft of Flowers. It is the harmony—a subdued harmony—of the spirit of labor and the spirit of sympathy. On the surface, "North of Boston" is remarkable for its representations, appearing in almost every poem, of the actual processes of human labor. Though in this genre his canvas seems small, compared with the range attempted by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson and other "realistic" poets of labor, Mr. Frost's picture is more faithful than theirs to the inner realities of labor, and therefore in the true sense more broadly representative. To an extraordinary degree this poet has taken part in labor—often with his hands and always in his spirit. The concrete details of labor respond peculiarly to the qualities of his temperament and genius. The artistic harmony, not unmysterious, of such a poem as Mending Wall is due in large measure to the correspondence between the laborious physical process which is being described and the equality of

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spirit, the patient sympathy, which is being adumbrated. The sympathy is laborious without, as a rule, being labored. It is not explicitly given in words because it has not been shaped, beforehand, into an explicit emotion.

Hence it is that his dramatic conceptions grow out, with a certain inevitability and with no sharp shift of mode, from his lyric and descriptive verse. From the lyric After Apple-Picking, a subdued personal expression of the spirit of labor, the reader may pass on a continuous thread of mood to The Woodpile, where a second person is distantly outlined —"Someone who lived in turning to fresh tasks"; and thence, by natural degrees, to dramatic sketches like The Death of the Hired Man, where the author yields the whole scene to his created personages and their tasks. The diverse modes of the poet's art are harmonized in his persistent spirit of patient, laborious neighborliness.

In failing to follow out the implications of this spirit, interpreters have failed to trace the distinctive pattern of Mr. Frost's work as a whole. Miss Amy Lowell has exaggerated its dramatic sadness, and Mr. Louis Untermeyer by way of reaction has exaggerated its lyric gladness. Centrally, however, it is neither sad nor glad. The burdens and limitations of the neighborhood keep the poet from being very glad; but his faith in the latent value of the neighborly spirit prevents him from being very sad. He is more dispassionate and more veracious than his fellow-craftsmen when contemplating the limitations of common life. He sees at once the meanness and the validity of old social conventions and ingrained personal tendencies. These shackles he does not sketch cynically, like Edgar Lee Masters, though constantly he shows them clogging the spirit of human brotherhood. On the other hand he does not thrust into the imprisoned lives of his workers those sudden emotional moments and those mystic dream-comforts so frequent in the narratives of Mr. Gibson.

Inside the limits of narrow and unrelieved lives, such as that of the old lady in The Black Cottage, Mr. Frost likes to show the presence, dim though it be, of "the truths we keep coming back and back to." The speaker in this poem, a kindly, chattering rural clergyman, carries much of the author's conviction when he says:

> For, dear me, why abandon a belief
> Merely because it happens to be true?
> Cling to it long enough, and not a doubt
> It will turn true again, for so it goes.
> Most of the change we think we see in life
> Is due to truths being in and out of favor.

Such clinging to old truths is very different from restless yearning for the lost past. Such yearning means a preoccupation with "the change we think we see in life." But "What counts is the ideals," concludes the young man in The Generations of Men, "And those will bear some keeping still about." This poem gently satirizes those who "try to fathom the past" in order to "get some strangeness out of it": pretentious sentiment in regard to the past is shown retreating from an urgent love which belongs to the present. The thirst for "some strangeness," in either the past or the future, is rejected by the meditative common sense of the woman of In the Home Stretch, in Mr. Frost's third volume, "Mountain Interval." Her husband, in a moment of relaxation after their removal from the city to a farm, where they seem destined to spend the rest of their days, is inclined to romanticize their situation. He muses wonderingly on the circumstances which prepared this crisis in their life, and on those that may follow from it. She reminds him that he is searching

> For things that don't exist; I mean beginnings.
> Ends and beginnings—there are no such things.
> There are only middles.

A couplet from the final poem in this volume condenses one of the main themes of Mr. Frost's poetry as a whole:

> Our very life depends on everything's
> Recurring till we answer from within.

The passages cited above show the aptness of Mr. Frost's style in performing a feat which is rare in contemporary verse: that of giving original and vigorous expression to a moral commonplace. Mr. Frost himself, like his spokesmen, has had fresh experience of those old truths which "will bear some keeping still about." His fresh vision keeps him clear of a certain heavy paradox which has clung persistently to much modern poetry: namely, the singing of men's common brotherhood in a tune which defies, without really transcending, men's common sense. Since Shelley, and particularly since Whitman, our poets have often chanted, in one and the same tune, the joy of human brotherhood and the joy of such a free following of one's individual temperament as would badly disrupt that brotherhood. Now in Mr. Frost's poetry there is plenty of temperamental exuberance; but it is pitched in a key which, subdued from the first, has become progressively more consonant with the tone of true neighborliness. Keeping his eye on "Truth with all her matter-of-fact," and with a smile at once sympathetic and quietly corrective, the poet moves temperamental longings from the centre of life to its fringe, where they belong. He uses them to relieve, and prevents them from disrupting, the everyday neighborhood. This is the attitude which pervades, too, his dramatic pieces. The urge of outward-bound desires in his personages is continually walled in. The comic heroine, if so she may be called, of The Cow in Apple Time is the only one of his dramatis personae who, "scorning a pasture withering to the root," is allowed

> To make no more of a wall than an open gate,
> And think no more of wall-builders than fools;

and the result of her zest for stolen fruit is socially unfortunate: "the milk goes dry."

"Good fences make good neighbors"; but also, on the other hand, "Something there is that doesn't love a wall." This two-sided text of the first poem of "North of Boston" is the underlying theme of the poet's whole work. Does it not also represent, in miniature, the great paradox which now confronts human society? "Walls" are indispensable, we find, and yet our progress toward human brotherhood seems sadly cramped by "walls." That this paradox is soluble in the spirit of true neighborliness, but that the solution of it is laborious and exacting, is what one is made to feel keenly in reading Mr. Frost's poetry. On the one hand, he displays constantly the rank-growing selfishness which finds shelter behind human walls; on the other hand, he shows unfailing respect, continually looking out through quaint patient humor, for all walls, however mean, which have some discernible utility in the neighborhood. But what is one to do about a wall which, except in the eyes of one's neighbor, is palpably useless? The true answer to this question—a question so vexatious in the actual world—is implicit in the spirit of Mr. Frost's poetry. It appears most plainly, perhaps, in Mending Wall. The new-time farmer, while helping with patient good-humor to repair the need-

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less wall between his own estate and his neighbor's, tries to "put a notion" in the old-time farmer's head:

> "Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
> What I was walling in or walling out,
> And to whom I was like to give offense.
> Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
> That wants it down." I could say "Elves" to him,
> But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
> He said it for himself.

To persuade our neighbor to say it "for himself" is surely the most considerable task of all. Its exacting conditions are apparent to the farmer in Home Burial:

> We could have some arrangement
> By which I'd bind myself to keep hands off
> Anything special you're a mind to name.
> Though I don't like such things 'twixt those that love.
> Two that don't love can't live together without them.
> But two that do can't live together with them.

"Massacring Whites" in Arkansas

By WALTER F. WHITE

EARLY in October the report was spread broadcast in this country that Negroes in Phillips County, Arkansas, had organized to massacre the whites. A group of Negro farmers, members of the Progressive Farmers and Household Union of America, were charged with having plotted insurrection, with "night riding," with the intention to take over the land of the white men after the owners had been massacred. Investigation has thrown a searching light upon these stories and has revealed that the Negro farmers had organized not to massacre, but to protest by peaceful and legal means against vicious exploitation by unscrupulous landowners and their agents.

On October 1, W. D. Adkins, a special agent of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, in company with Charles Pratt, a deputy sheriff, and a Negro trusty were driving past a Negro church near Hoop Spur, a small community in Phillips County. According to Pratt, persons in the church fired without cause on the party, killing Adkins and wounding Pratt. According to testimony of persons in the church, however, Adkins and Pratt fired into the church, apparently to frighten the Negroes gathered. The fire was returned with the casualties noted. Whatever the facts may be, this incident started four days of rioting. Negroes were disarmed and arrested, while their arms were given to whites who hastened to the community from Mississippi, Arkansas, and Tennessee; Federal troops were called from Camp Pike; Negroes who had taken refuge in the canebrakes were hunted down and killed; and the final death roll showed five whites and twenty-five Negroes killed, although some place the Negro fatalities as high as one hundred.

According to the facts gathered on the scene, the purpose and plan of the organization was as follows: The Progressive Farmers and Household Union of America came into being in order to combat a system of exploitation known as "share-cropping," which has served for half a century as a convenient means of gaining wealth by many whites without the inconvenient necessity of working. This system will be described later. Organized at Winchester, Drew County, the articles of incorporation were drawn by Williamson and Williamson of Monticello, white men and ex-slaveholders. These articles were filed in due legal form with the county clerk at Winchester, the county seat. Branches or lodges were to be formed in other communities, and it was hoped that the movement would spread to all parts of the South, as the economic exploitation pictured below existed in all of them. The Farmers Union was in the form of a fraternal organization or secret order because the State tax for such an organization is much lower than for any other and because the veil of secrecy with passwords and grips and insignia appealed to the untutored minds of most of the members. Each male member was to pay $1.50 and each female fifty cents. The money thus collected was to go into a common fund to be used to employ a lawyer to make a test *in court* of cases where Negroes were unable to secure settlements.

A careful examination of the literature of the organization does not reveal the "dastardly" plot which has been charged. The organization was declared to be for the purpose of "advancing the intellectual, material, moral, spiritual, and financial interests of the Negro race." Applicants for membership had to answer under oath such questions as "Do you believe in God?" "Do you attend church?" "Do you believe in courts?" and "Will you defend this Government and her Constitution at all times?" There is nothing in any of the literature seen or published which indicates any other motive than that of aspiring towards the securing of relief from exploitation.

A "Committee of Seven" composed of white citizens of Helena held hearings for the purpose of determining the facts in the case. At least two members of that committee are plantation owners themselves. According to two sources of information, when suspects were brought before this committee they were seated in a chair charged with electricity. If the Negroes did not talk as freely as the Committee wished, the current was turned on until they did so. This committee has declared that it secured many confessions from Negro suspects, but so far as could be learned none of the details of these confessions has been published.

The cause of the Phillips County trouble, according to Governor Charles H. Brough, was the circulation of what he considers incendiary Negro publications like *The Crisis*, the official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Having been a professor of economics for seventeen years before becoming Governor, it is incredible that he is ignorant of the exploitation of Negroes in his State. It is also reasonable to believe that Governor Brough should know that no publication would have much chance of creating unrest and discontent among contented, justly treated people. A further fact for consideration is that 78.6 per cent. of the population of Phillips County is Negro—the actual figures being: white, 7,176; colored, 26,354. With the whites outnumbered almost four to one, it appears that the fatalities would have been differently proportioned if a well-planned murder plot had existed among the Negroes.

Now, as to the facts regarding the share-cropping system which caused the alleged "massacre." Theoretically, under the system the owner furnishes the land, the share-cropper

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the labor, and at the end of the year the crop is divided share and share alike. From the share-cropper's portion is deducted the amount received by him in supplies during the year, in most cases these supplies being "taken up" either at a plantation store or commissary, or from a merchant designated by the owner or his agent. In practice the system for the past fifty years has worked out in such manner that the crop, when gathered, is taken by the landowner and sold by him, and settlement is made with the share-cropper whenever and at whatever terms the landowner chooses to give. Instead of an itemized statement of the supplies received, in most cases only a statement of the total is given. Since there is an unwritten law which is rigidly observed that no Negro can leave a plantation until his debt is paid, the owner, by padding the accounts of Negroes to the point where the "balance due" always exceeds the value of the crop, can assure his labor supply for the following year.

Of this system, W. T. B. Williams says in a report of the United States Department of Labor on "Negro Migration in 1916-17," published in 1919: "Many of the Negro tenants feel that it makes little difference what part of the crop is promised them, the white man gets it all anyway." Of the plan of many owners of taking all of the cotton seed, *The Charlotte Observer* says: "If, as it is represented, it is the custom of the farmers not to divide the cotton seed with the Negro tenant, then a hitherto undiscussed cause of grievance is brought to light and reveals an injustice to the Negro that no landowner can defend." An average bale of cotton weighs five hundred pounds, the price at this writing being about forty-three cents per pound. For every bale there is about one half-ton of seed, which brings between $68 and $70 per ton.

A white Southerner writing in *The Memphis Commercial Appeal* of January 26, 1919, frankly states:

> In certain parts of the South men who consider themselves men of honor and would exact a bloody expiation of one who should characterize them as common cheats do not hesitate to boast that they rob the Negroes by purchasing their cotton at prices that are larcenous, by selling goods to them at extortionate figures and even by padding their accounts with a view of keeping them always in debt. Men of this stripe have been known to lament that in the last two years the Negroes have been so prosperous that it has not been possible to filch from them all they make.
>
> A protest from a Negro against tactics of this kind is met with a threat of force. Justice at the hands of a white jury in sections where this practice obtains is inconceivable. Even an attempt to carry the matter into the courts is usually provocative of violence.
>
> While the conditions described are not universal, they are typical, especially in the delta regions where large plantations prevail. If they are to be remedied, we of the South must clear our minds of cant and realize that they do exist.

So much for the general system. A few instances of how the system works in Arkansas taken from actual court records and from conversation with share-croppers, owners, and agents will give an idea of what Negroes suffer and desire to end. Organization was imperative, for there have been numerous lynchings when Negroes have dared to protest as individuals against such practices.

One case that is specially clear because of the contrast is that of two Negro share-croppers, one of whom rented from a white landlord and the other from a colored one. Both made fourteen bales of cotton, and each was entitled to seven bales as his share. For convenience the first farmer will be known as A; the second as B. In A's family were seven members, two of them infants. In B's there were five, all adults. A's landlord took all his cotton seed and declared that he had sold the cotton at fourteen cents per pound, although cotton in the open market was at that time selling at twenty-eight cents. A received $490 and was presented with a bill for supplies of $853, leaving him in debt the following year to the extent of $363, which was reduced to $340 when his landlord with great magnanimity "allowed" him $23 as he "is a good nigger and needs encouragement."

B sold his cotton, and with the seed received $1,214.50 for it, to which was added $187.50 for 150 bushels of corn which he had raised in addition to the cotton. B's bill for supplies for the year was $175, although he received more supplies and of a better quality than A. He thus cleared $1,227, while A came out $340 in debt. A's landlord went to B's and told him that he had to change his method "or we won't be able to handle these niggers around here."

Another case was that of a colored man who had made a crop worth $1,260, received goods actually valued at $23.50, and was told when he asked for a settlement: "Get the hell out of here. You have taken up all that's coming to you, and I don't make settlements with niggers anyhow." In 1918 in Ashley County a Negro made a crop of which his share was $1,661.38. He "took up" during the year goods valued at not over $250. At the end of the year he was given $326, and informed that the balance ($1,335.38) had been taken up at the plantation store. With what he had received he hired a lawyer to bring suit. He lost the case. Prices charged when statements are given are equally outrageous. Some of the actual cases found were as follows: a Negro was charged $58 for four bushels of cotton seed and a sack, the actual value being $4.20; another had to pay $50 for two secondhand plows, which cost when new $16 each; a third was charged $52.60 for having nine small articles of furniture moved by freight less than one hundred miles; still another paid $3.50 for a pair of rope plow lines which cost thirty cents in the open market. Many cases equally flagrant could be given, but the above are enough to illustrate the system. It was this sort of exploitation that the Progressive Farmers and Household Union of America was seeking to combat in a legal and legitimate manner.

On November 2, the Negroes arrested were brought to trial in Helena, the county seat of Phillips County, where, because of the intense feeling, there was practically no chance of an unbiased and fair trial. According to the press dispatches, counsel for the defense was assigned by the court; no change of venue was asked; no Negroes were impanelled for jury duty (although Negroes outnumber whites four to one in Phillips County); no witnesses were called to testify for the defense. The first five defendants, charged with murder in the first degree, were jointly tried, the jury returning a verdict of guilty in exactly seven minutes after retiring, and the defendants were jointly sentenced to electrocution on December 27. In five days a total of twelve men were sentenced to death and eighty others were sentenced to prison terms ranging from one to twenty-one years. Gov. Brough on November 28 announced that he would postpone the executions to allow appeals to be filed in behalf of the condemned men. Unless the result of these appeals is a removal of the death penalty twelve Negroes will meet death, additional victims of America's denial of rudimentary justice to 12,000,000 of its citizens because of their color.

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For the Eighth of December

(The Birthday of Horace)

By GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

This festal day, two thousand times returning,
Should light fresh fires on all the altar-sods.
His natal day! we should set incense burning,
And call—if gods there were!—upon the gods.
We, his good friends, right joyous should demean us,
Like Horace on the birthday of Mæcenas.

Eheu! we lack all Persian apparatus—
The wine, the nard, the rose's tardy bloom;
No troops of saucy home-bred slaves await us,
Nor polished silver in the fire-lit room;
And as for lyres and lutes of sound convention,
The H. C. L. forbids their very mention.

Around our board what cronies he'd find missing:
No Tyndaris, no Cyrus—and no quarrel!
No Telephus with his tantalizing kissing,
No Cervius droning his long-winded moral.
No Thaliarch to push the lagging Massic!
What in our party, then, would he find classic?

There is one thing would save us from disaster,
And make our feast right worthy of the day;
A fitting tribute to the lyric master—
I mean, of course, an Ode by F. P. A.
Give us but that; 'twere the whole celebration
In Horace's and in our estimation.

Literature

Across the Blockade

Across the Blockade. A Record of Travels in Enemy Europe. By Henry Noel Brailsford. London: George Allen & Unwin; New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

THERE are a great many persons who, disturbed in their sense of honor by the violation in the peace terms of pledges solemnly made by the Allies, their assurance somewhat shaken as to the justice and policy of the terrible burdens and restraints imposed upon a thoroughly beaten people, still go about silencing their conscience by recalling the criminal excesses of the war and by persuading themselves that our former enemies are still a formidable power, less injured by the war than their victorious neighbors, and in a position, therefore, to pay for most of the damage done in the war. Persons who like to soothe themselves with such reflections will not receive much comfort from Mr. Brailsford's book. They will no doubt hasten to discount the writer's views as those of a radical or socialist, but there will nevertheless remain a barrier of facts which only the most agile conscience can surmount. For Mr. Brailsford cannot for a moment be confused with our easily impressed, sentimental, pro-Bolshevik journalists. He has a distinguished record as a student of European politics, he is a sober first-hand observer and a candid writer. What he tells us he saw no one has a right to distrust, and as his cards are all on the table there should be no difficulty in estimating the value of his inferences.

Mr. Brailsford was a witness of terrible physical privation. In Vienna, during a popular outbreak, he saw men, careless of flying bullets, cutting up the flesh of a police-horse that had just been killed, till nothing but the skeleton and the saddle remained. In Poland and on the margin of Russia he saw, among the Jews, a population of millions which was losing every semblance of connection with civilized humanity. Even in prosperous Germany the process of mental and moral deterioration was well under way, with the hospitals in want of drugs, linen, and anæsthetics, "garrets where dying children call to unemployed fathers, streets where desperate mobs pillage under the fire of brutalized troops." Seeing such things, he would have to be less than human not to feel stirrings of indignation against those who have intensified the suffering by tightening the blockade after the close of hostilities. But this seemingly wanton, though temporary, cruelty of the prolonged blockade is the smaller of the observer's grievances against Allied policy. The really tragic factor in the situation of the conquered people is the feeling of blank hopelessness that followed upon their realization that the purpose of their conquerors, far from conforming to the letter or spirit of the Fourteen Points, was to prevent them from ever lifting their heads from the dust. Starvation and cold and misery can be endured stoically so long as there is a ray of hope beaconing from the days ahead. In Poland, where physical privation was as great as anywhere in Central Europe, the population was comparatively buoyant in the enjoyment of its new national liberty, with its concomitant privilege of trampling on the life and liberty of several million other human beings. Hungary, too, when Mr. Brailsford visited it, was tasting with a lively expectancy the experiment of social justice under the new communistic dispensation. But not long after, the Rumanian liberators took possession of Budapest to make a mockery of the armistice terms, and there they are still enthroned while the voice of stifled Hungary has grown too feeble to be heard. That the overthrow of Bela Kun's government and the Rumanian occupation are a part of the deliberate policy of the Allies, who can doubt? No one is misled by the empty gestures of the Peace Conference. Mr. Brailsford declares that he knows, on first-hand authority, that an official warning was given last spring by the British to the Austrian Government, to the effect that while socialistic legislation would be tolerated, the adoption of a soviet constitution would be the signal for instant intervention. Nothing that has happened in the last year would lead us to question this statement. And toward Germany the policy has been equally overbearing and soul-crushing. Mr. Brailsford is not among those who look upon Germany as unregenerate, concealing its wolfish visage under temporary sheep's clothing. He was surprised by the general execration of the former leaders, by the extent of self-abasement, by the brave admission of the country's guilt in beginning the war, and by the readiness to atone. But of all these factors in the national psychology the framers of the treaty took no account. One cannot but agree with the writer's analysis of the inconsistencies in the terms and the probable consequences. The treaty destroys the industrial sinews of the nation and yet calls for the payment of a huge indemnity; it wipes out the foreign trade by which a great part of its population subsisted, and at the same time forbids emigration; it virtually insists upon the maintenance of the present economic order, but it limits the military force to a point which would leave it helpless against a serious popular uprising. Such a settlement is appropriately characterized as triple nonsense. Under the threat of starvation Germany acceded to the terms, but what will be the outcome? "Lethargy, despair, decay, the decline of an elaborate civilization, the slow lapse into disrepair of a good machine, that will be the immediate consequence of this treaty that murders hope. The German nation will wear itself out in abortive motions of unrest. It will flounder; it will sulk; it will decay. Injure us it cannot, save by its sickness, but this corpse is big enough to poison Europe."

We should like to be less gloomy than Mr. Brailsford in envisaging the future of Germany and of the League of Nations. We can console ourselves with reflections on the impossibility of stopping the progress of a vital idea such as is in-

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volved in the League. We can recall the efforts of a Holy Alliance a hundred years ago to suppress the principles of popular government established in the American and French Revolutions, and the failure of those efforts. But they did not fail at first, and the recent war was our calamitous inheritance from the monarchical doctrines of the Holy Alliance. We believe that some league of nations also will prevail, because it is indispensable to the life of the world, but it will not be any such victorious alliance for selfish exploitation as the negotiators of Paris have offered us. When the original Wilsonian principles of respect for nationality and self-determination shall be embodied in a compact embracing all the civilized nations of the world, the real League of Nations will come into being. We fear that the compromise of 1919 comes no nearer to settling the problem of European peace than did the compromise of 1820 toward settling the problem of American slavery.

The Anatomy of Society

The Anatomy of Society. By Gilbert Cannan. E. P. Dutton and Company.

IT is an old saying that nature provides the antidote with the bane; and looking back over the deplorable history of the machine-money civilization which reached its nemesis in the war, it is possible to discern almost from its very beginnings the rise and growth of a spirit which was destined to prove its undoing and to supersede it. It first appears—as in Shelley—as a movement of protest and revolt, but it gradually assumes a more positive character in Blake, Lamennais, Mazzini, Ruskin, William Morris, and other figures who make a string of lights across a perverse and crooked tradition. And now that the war has shattered "the gates of iron and the bars of gold" that had prisoned the soul, this resurgent humanism is springing up on all hands in articulate form. In Great Britain especially the younger men and women are athrob with it. Some are bending their strength to the emancipation of the drama from theatrical commercialism; others are fighting to redeem the church from an arid institutionalism; and there is a powerful group of thinkers like Bertrand Russell, Delisle Burns, G. D. H. Cole, J. A. Hobson, who have dedicated themselves to the tremendous adventure of making politics and industry safe for the human spirit. Romain Rolland in France has consecrated his genius to the same great task of humanism. Russia has long had its great witnesses to this gospel.

Whether as artist or as social thinker, it is against this background that we must see Gilbert Cannan if we want to understand him. It is to this succession that he belongs; and in a longer perspective of time it is probable that he will stand out as one of the considerable figures in it. Mr. Cannan has still a good way to travel before he reaches a full realization and a full command of his powers. As yet, he is as vehement as Shelley was; and it is the very intensity of the passion that burns in him that somewhat hampers his present utterance. A critic of one of his novels made the observation that Mr. Cannan was beginning to take an interest in his characters—a smart but stupid criticism; yet it had in it this truth, that Mr. Cannan is so much rushed along by an eagerness to set down his vision as he sees it and to say all that is in his heart to say that the detail is overmuch sacrificed to the whole; and the result is that the whole misses something of its effect.

"The Anatomy of Society" feels to one reader at least like a stream of molten stuff out of a crucible; and it is tremendously stimulating. You are swept along by the genius, the passion, the eagerness of it; and you feel that the book ends not because the writer has said all that he has to say but because this particular mold will not hold any more. The book is a transcript of so much of Gilbert Cannan's soul; and it leaves you with a very definite feeling of incompleteness. Not that this matters very much. What does matter, however, is that it is a book calling itself "The Anatomy of Society," a work of dissection, criticism, and construction; and the pace of the writing leaves it again and again unnecessarily open to the criticism of the enemy—and this a more sustained and patient self-criticism would have avoided. All the same, the total effect of the book is truth itself; and we are thankful for truth bravely and fearlessly spoken, even though it be at times somewhat blurred around the edges.

Mr. Cannan sees us at the parting of the ways; and for him the critical question is whether society will throw overboard the old harsh institutionalisms of the commercial-mechanical age and reshape itself congruously with the needs and possibilities of the human spirit—whether it is going to give itself to making things or to making men. He insists that the young men have made their choice, that they are done for good and all with these shibboleths of commerce and religion and politics which led mankind through the impoverishment and brutalization of its spirit to the bloody inferno of 1914-1918. This is no doubt true of a great many young men; but we wish we could share the optimism which enables Mr. Cannan to speak in terms so general. There is a ferment afoot, it is true, and it will spread, without doubt. But the new spirit will first have to fight for its life against the new chauvinisms and particularisms that the war has left behind it, and even more against the hardening of heart and the contempt of personality which always belong to the entail of war. The fight is indeed only begun; and Mr. Cannan does well to put us in good heart for it. He finds great encouragement, as we all may, in what we may fairly expect from the entry of women upon a full citizenship; and he is in line with all the great seers in his insistence upon the breaking down of every barrier that keeps any man out of his "full man's share in what is going on in life." The survival of the idea of property rights in the marriage relation which poisons marriage and kills the spirit of the incompatibly mated; the narrow nationalisms which impede the spiritual commerce of mankind; ideas of class ascendancy and vested interests of all kinds—all these things are anathema to him. For him man's fatherland is the round earth; the "civitas Dei" is as wide as humanity.

A Question of Tradition

American Painting and Its Tradition. By John C. Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE is one of those art critics in this country whose criticism is of value. He has studied his subject, his interest in it is obvious, his judgments are sane, he can write with enthusiasm. The result is that what he writes is always worth reading, even by the artist who may not agree with him. Every chapter in his new book is full of the usual qualities he brings to his work, but this only makes it the more disappointing. For it is not the treatise on American painting and its tradition which we expect from the title and which he is so well able to give us. It consists rather of one short chapter on "The Art Tradition in America," followed by nine chapters on as many painters rather suggestive of separate magazine and review articles now collected into a volume than of a series written to trace the origin and growth of whatever tradition the American school of painting can boast.

That American art in the beginning was something of sporadic growth was as inevitable as that its formula should be English—indigenous art was the affair of the Red Indian. Mr. Van Dyke could have written with equal truth of American literature as he has of American art. The colonists, after all, come of civilized, educated peoples, not with their history still to make like the first savage hordes who crossed from Asia into North America. They carried with them from home the traditions of centuries, just as they often carried the bricks to build their houses and the furniture to put inside. But what they could not carry, except in infinitesimal quantity, was the beauty already wrought

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by art in their native land, the treasures with which their churches and palaces and houses were already filled. The one thing they could not pack up in their luggage was the atmosphere that these things create—the atmosphere that we are so conscious of in England and France, Italy and Spain, Belgium and Holland, where for long years there have been great artists, great works of art, great collections, great guilds, great schools. It was this atmosphere, and not tradition, that was wanting in America and that eventually, in the seventies and eighties of the last century, sent American artists to Paris and Munich, Florence and Venice, where they could be steeped in it, and then return to do what they could, by presiding over schools and exhibitions and the right sort of training, to create in their own country an atmosphere for themselves. It was different with literature. Books could be brought across and libraries established from the earliest days. But only now are we beginning to have fine art galleries and well-equipped schools, and they too often are so mismanaged, so encompassed about with ignorance, that the thoughtful man must tremble for the future of American art. We call attention to these facts because we think Mr. Van Dyke has forgotten them, for the moment at least. If he had not he could not show so complete a misunderstanding of Whistler's attitude on the subject. "From a Whistlerian point of view," he writes, "this matter of tradition is, of course, great nonsense. Art just 'happens' in 'Ten O'Clock,' and the artist is that one in a multitude whom the gods see fit to strike with a divine fire." Now, never to any artist was the value of tradition more essential an article of faith than to Whistler. To carry on tradition was his battle cry—his slogan. And yet there never was a more typical case of art "happening" than his. He, the inspired artist, appropriating by hard study all that was finest and loveliest in the past and evolving from it a new beauty of his own, was the product of West Point, cf all unlikely places. And it is the same with almost all the artists who for Mr. Van Dyke are the chosen apostles of American traditions: Inness came from the farm, Wyant from a carpenter shop in the wild and woolly West, Winslow Homer from the hardware business, Homer Martin from another carpenter shop, Chase from a shoemaker's, Alexander from a telegraph operator's. Though art "happened," tradition shaped the expression they found for it. Without tradition they would have painted in the hieroglyphics of the child or the savage. Nor do we agree with Mr. Van Dyke's selection of the men to be accepted as the main influences in modern American art. How can he include Chase and Alexander, and omit Duveneck? Duveneck made American artists; Chase, American students. Duveneck was the master, Alexander the pupil who worked out for himself a recipe of much charm which, like most recipes in painting, was soon exhausted. Sargent can hardly be considered a force in American painting or, indeed, an American painter. Mr. Van Dyke admits this; but why, then, give Sargent a place in any record of American painting and its tradition? La Farge will live as an American master in his stained glass rather than in his decorations, which, beautiful and stately as they are, seem but re-echoes.

We also think that Twachtman should have had more than the one passing reference we have been able to find—there is no index and it is just possible others escaped us. It would be nearer the truth to say that Inness could not bring many of his landscapes off technically than to lay the blame on the excess of his feeling or sentiment. No list of American portrait painters, however casual, should leave out Morse, some of whose portraits are the most distinguished ever painted in this country. It is easy to make light of the Hudson River school, but their landscapes, panoramic as they may be, will probably outlive the more self-conscious impressions of many later landscape painters. But if we quarrel with these and other details, if we confess to disappointment caused by the misleading title, it is because Mr. Van Dyke has held our interest from one end of his book to the other. Its great merit is that it makes the reader think.

Chaudfroid

Dictionary of the Apostolic Church. Edited by James Hastings, with the assistance of John A. Selbie and John C. Lambert. Volume II: Macedonia-Zion. Charles Scribner's Sons.

WHY is theology so backward? Why is it that one finds in religious works standards of evidence, of probability, of truth, totally different from those obtaining in all other disciplines? John Stuart Mill was surely a little too harsh when he answered the question by saying that the whole body of current metaphysic was a tissue of suborned evidence in favor of the existing system. Professor John Dewey's remark that theology had become the favorite indoor sport of a sheltered coterie, and was pursued for its own sake without reference to life or reality, may come nearer the truth, but even this hardly explains the intense conservatism of some minds which, convinced of the truth of certain doctrines by the evidence of their wishes rather than of their brains, use all modern science only in so far as it is capable of amalgamating with an obsolescent creed. There is no proverb that every dogma has its day.

In a work like the present one, therefore, the hands are the hands of Renan, but the voice is the voice of Calvin. All the apparatus is new; all the doctrines are old. The premises have changed, the conclusions remain the same. The writers have reversed the usual process and have put old wine into new bottles; the vintage quaffed by Beza and Milton has been decanted into the latest fashion of wineglass, and a good deal of the spirit, thus treated, has evaporated in the process. They have installed elaborate machinery in their factory, but they still pick their cotton seeds by hand. A recent essay on the high cost of living makes the suggestion that it would be much reduced if people would be satisfied to eat at one meal what was left over from the last, made fresh and tasty by the addition of mayonnaise. Thus, it might be inferred, with one good dinner for a start, an ice-box, and a small but constant supply of sauce, a family would be nourished for a lifetime. It is the principle on which the editors have compiled this encyclopædia; the carcass of dogma from which ten generations have picked every shred of meat is served up again with the latest *sauce piquante* of erudition.

It is perhaps useless, and it is sometimes considered tasteless, to say anything about the beliefs defended in such articles as are here offered on Miracles and the Resurrection of Christ. The current practice is either to accept or to ignore them. And yet there is a place for the protest of those who cherish the ethical content of the New Testament, but who cannot accept its evidence on the supernatural. Thirty-eight large, crowded pages are devoted to a desperate argument that "the fundamental fact on which the Apostolic Church rests is the resurrection of Jesus Christ," and that if it were not a literal fact "then is our preaching vain." But surely it is not so. The miracle of Jesus is his life, not his death; it was love that raised him; it was the atmosphere of a credulous age, steeped in myths of dying and rising saviors, that made the appearances after death seem probable.

So, throughout the book, signs and wonders are accepted as having taken place, or, at most, are argued as a question of evidence or meaning of the source. It is true that many of them are given a natural explanation, as that the cures were done by faith, the dead raised had really only fainted, the viper that bit Paul was not truly venomous. But to assume that all reported miracles can be explained thus is to violate every canon of probability. Just a century ago this method was carried to such absurd lengths that the ascension was explained as climbing a mountain and the resurrection of Lazarus as a pious fraud. The fact is, these gentlemen only make their case worse when they try to sickly o'er their native hue of faith with a pale cast of rationalism. One of the editors has recently argued against the possibility of Paul's having had a certain vision, on the

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ground that "it would be contrary to the acknowledged principles of economy in the use of miracles for him to have learned by revelation what could have been learned in the ordinary way."

It is the unpleasant but unavoidable duty of the reviewer to note that the bias of the contributors sometimes warps their judgment of moral questions. The article on Persecution (most of which, by the way, has no place in a Dictionary of the Apostolic Church, for it covers mediæval and modern times) is an apology for intolerance most painful to read in this generation. A long section on Protestant Persecution defends the Reformers from the "grave wrong of throwing in their face that they preached the right of private judgment and liberty of conscience while as a matter of fact they were guilty of brutal intolerance." What they preached, it seems, was not "liberty but supremacy of conscience," which taught them not simply "I will not submit" but "I must enforce." In short, it is represented as one of their great glories that "they believed too much in their own view of Christianity to tolerate any other or conflicting views." Augustine is praised for having seen the advantages of compulsion, and with unconscious humor it is said that most contemporary preaching is persecution, for it produces uneasiness of mind. Perhaps so, but ought it?

It is delightful to be able to close with a note of warm appreciation of a number of valuable contributions. There is much "curious learning" scattered here and there—as on the means of travel in the ancient world, on Paul's quotations from the classics, on his metaphors, on the sailing and tacking of vessels, on trade and commerce. Dr. Mingana adds to our knowledge of the Odes of Solomon, though the reviewer cannot agree with him in fixing their date so late as between 80 and 130 A. D. Excellent appreciations of Philo and of the Wisdom of Solomon are offered by competent scholars. The position of woman is fairly and learnedly considered.

Two fascinating studies, both by Professor James Moffatt, give a history of the Sibylline Oracles and an estimate of the place of war in the thought of the Apostolic Age. Not only are the military metaphors of Christian writers brilliantly illuminated in this latter essay, but the sayings of Epictetus, Lucretius, and other pagan philosophers are carefully quoted.

Pilgrimage

Pointed Roofs. Backwater. Honeycomb. The Tunnel. By Dorothy M. Richardson. Alfred A. Knopf.

A GRAVE confusion of thought is disturbing the execution of some of the most gifted literary artists of our time. They are right, admirably right, in striving to get ever closer and closer to the concrete, to render ever more exactly the facts both of consciousness and of the world. The infinite, as Goethe insisted, lurks in the finite. Not in the clouds, but in fields and faces, in streets and souls is the meaning of life to be sought. But we cannot, quite obviously, reproduce reality. The artist cannot render his whole vision of the sum of things. All he can do is to attempt to produce an illusion of reality, and the question of technique is how this may best be done. Two methods that often merge into one are much in vogue at present: the abandonment of fixed literary forms and the endless multiplication of impressionistic details. Now no careful student of literature, humbly aware of the history of critical theory, will permit himself the luxury of an anterior prejudice against either of these methods. But he may legitimately ask: Do they indeed succeed in giving one a deeper sense of reality, of the immediate savor and stir and pang of life? Does one, for instance, get more life in Ezra Pound and Amy Lowell than in Richard Dehmel and Arthur Symons? Whom does one know better, Germinie Lacerteux or—Squire Western? Or, if the latter gentleman seems hopelessly old-fashioned, whom would you more readily recognize at the next street-corner, Miss Richardson's Miriam Henderson or Somerset Maugham's Philip Carey walking with any one of the four women who successively came into his life? In other words, we are all agreed upon what we want; we do not so thoroughly agree on the best method of getting it. Shall we get it better by concentrated or diffused vision, by the powerfully representative character or the mere number of details, by attempting to produce in the reader a strong sense of "the flowing, flowing, flowing of the world" or by trying almost literally to reproduce the eternal flux itself?

Miss Richardson gives us Miriam Henderson's "stream of consciousness going on and on," as Miss May Sinclair puts it in her introduction, during four years. And she does so in four volumes of moderate size. But for the reproduction of the contents of any human consciousness during four times three hundred and sixty-five days, this is obviously far too little, enormously too little! Thus Miss Richardson must, after all, make a rigid selection of the moments to be recorded. But by robbing these moments in Miriam's life of any fixity or isolation—a convention, be it granted—she robs them of their representative character. They must, however, be representative, since from the nature of things, even though a volume be dedicated to each year of Miriam's life up to the Psalmist's limit, they can never become purely presentative. Thus Miss Richardson denies herself convincingness and power in the pursuit of a wholly illusory completeness. This is the plain case against extreme impressionism in literature. It abandons the possible aim of art; it strives after the unattainable. Against Miss Richardson's particular practice of this method another objection must be brought. The stream of consciousness is indeed uninterrupted. But the stream of sensory perceptions has its ebb. There are moments, there are hours, in which we measurably exclude the visible and tangible world and turn in upon ourselves for reflection and meditation upon that stream of images which makes up nine-tenths of our life. We recollect ourselves and survey our fate and make for ourselves just such a synthesis of our personal adventure in mortality as the highest art seeks to make of the earthly adventure of the whole race. These moments and hours Miss Richardson seems resolutely to exclude, and it is their exclusion that gives her work the aspect of a glittering, shimmering phantasmagoria. Miriam, in truth, seems always in a waking dream, and things flash and flicker and glide through her mind as they do only in dreams and reveries, and never have the sobriety of outline which they assume to us daily amid the ordinary scenes of life—a class-room, a rainy street, an autumnal garden. And this remains true though we grant Miriam, as indeed we do, the fullest measure of exquisite and poetic sensitiveness. But even Shelley himself, we are sure, did not see his boots or his breakfast trailing clouds of glory. Miriam, playing a sonata of Beethoven, rightly feels in its solemn movement "the great truth behind the fuss of things." That is precisely what she, in her own life and consciousness, is never permitted to feel. And even her "fuss of things" has an unnatural and in the long run unbearable iridescence. She takes a walk on Regent Street and sees the shops "bright endless caverns screened with glass . . . the bright teeth of a grand piano running along the edge of darkness, a cataract of light pouring down its raised lid; forests of hats, dresses, shining against darkness, bright headless crumpling stalks; sly, silky ominous furs; metals cold and changing, brandishing the light; close prickling fire of jewels. . . ." It is accomplished and brilliant and—extending relentlessly through twelve hundred pages—false!

It is a great pity that Miss Richardson has chosen so extreme a method for her art, although such regrets are futile enough since, in the end of things, we are what we are and she has probably done merely what was, for her, inevitable. It is, however, a pity for us, because her native qualities are of the highest. She has a beautiful rectitude of mind, an extraordinary perception of character, a swift vision for the aspects of nature

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and the gestures of men, a subtle power over the flexible instrument of her speech. And it is largely because we are, in spite of all, so full of an eager interest in the life of Miriam Henderson and the people and scenes amid which she moves that we are so constantly teased by the indirection of its rendition. We should like to have had a firmer and steadier grasp upon those lovely early months in Germany from which Miriam carried away the lasting vision of a whole people to whom poetry and music and song are real and important things—unalterable parts of life that make it more reasonable and beautiful, that give meaning to its trivialities and take the ugliness from its pain; we should like to have had a closer realization of the spiritual chill of the London school, a clearer sense of the rich, gaudy, aimless life of the Corries in "Honeycomb," a more stirring impact from the many people who waver in the light and shadows of "The Tunnel." And in spite of endless words—always clever and bright and sometimes beautiful words—we turn page after page, and at last with a certain desolateness the final page, and we are still without a close contact with the soul of Miriam herself. Will Miss Richardson reply to us that the soul is indeed nothing but the bundle of perceptions that occupy the field of consciousness at any given moment? Surely there seems to be an inner watcher by the stream. And our instinctive conviction of his presence in ourselves makes us seek him in others. It may be that as Miriam grows older Miss Richardson will let that watcher by the stream appear; it may be, too, that further volumes will show other perspectives and a higher degree of that crystallization of which the very faintest presages seem to appear in "The Tunnel." To await and receive the future volumes of this series will be, at all events, not one of the least fascinating literary adventures of the present.

Books in Brief

MORE than thirty years after Mr. Brooks Adams first flayed his ancestors in "The Emancipation of Massachusetts" a new edition of the book has appeared (Houghton Mifflin) with the original text seemingly untouched except that the plates have been repaged and the useful index inconveniently omitted. What Mr. Adams has added, besides an expression of his regret for his earlier acrimony of speech, is a 168-page preface setting forth the philosophy to which he has arrived after three meditative decades. Although he belongs to the ineffably disillusioned generation which bred also Charles Francis 2d and Henry Adams, Mr. Brooks Adams is still an Adams: he thinks with the hard lucidity and writes with the cold downrightness of his tribe. The central point of his doctrine is touched upon almost in passing: "And so it has always been," he says, "with each new movement which has been stimulated by an idealism inspired by a belief that the spirit was capable of generating an impulse which would overcome the flesh and which would cause men to move toward perfection along any other path than the least resistant. And this because man is an automaton, and can move no otherwise." The emancipation of Massachusetts, Mr. Adams has presumably come to believe, was merely an irresistible movement of the commonwealth away from the idealistic impossibilities to which it was originally pledged and to which the conservatives vainly tried to hold it. Once they seemed villains; now they seem fools and dupes. But Massachusetts is the least of the concerns of this preface, one half of which is devoted to the deeds and character of Moses, an optimist who thought he had found some supernatural power and could control it, tried leadership, discovered that he must after all depend on his own wits, sought vainly to "gratify at once his lust for power and his instinct to live an honest man," and, after bilking the Israelites in the little matters of the Brazen Serpent and the Tables of the Law, went up into Mount Nebo and committed suicide. (Tom Paine would have liked to write this account of Moses.) The Mosaic idealism having failed, there followed the Roman confidence in physical force, which the Romans erected into a sort of vested interest, in turn also overthrown by the Christian confidence in divine aid secured through prayer—"a school of optimism the most overwhelming and the most brilliant which the world has ever known and which evolved an age whose end we still await." Thus optimisms rise and fall, but the life of mankind rolls forward without observable acceleration or retardation, only now and then heated here or there to an explosion by some sort of conflict between powerful interests, generally economic. The past shows no variation from this procedure; the future holds forth no hope except in a change to some form of non-competitive civilization which Mr. Adams does not venture to propound. Depressing enough in details, the preface as a whole is one of the most provocative arguments in American literature. Some day the allied and associated pessimism of Mr. Brooks Adams and his two brothers will seem hardly a slighter contribution to America than the diplomacy of their father or the statesmanship of their grandfather and great-grandfather.

AFTER a homily on divorce, delivered to a dinner companion of the male sex and reported in "As Others See Her" (Houghton Mifflin), the author of the book, Mrs. A. Burnett-Smith, says she said: "Forgive me for preaching . . . but it has done me good." Mrs. Burnett-Smith has done herself a great deal of good. With every intention to write appreciatively and enthusiastically about American women, she has managed, for the most part, to seem condescending and commonplace, though in connection with a few incidents she shows pleasant or intelligent observation. Her work as a representative of the British Government for the encouragement of food conservation took her through the East, West, Middle West, South, and Boston. It was in Boston that she found herself most at home, at a party given by the Colonial Dames. "Could there be a title more suggestive of dignity, of that aloofness which cannot and will not be imposed upon? . . . One thrilled to hear them address one another by their Christian names, feeling that they ought all to have titles, not conferred, but hereditary, which they would bear with a regal pride." Childless women who live in hotels and dress in clothes "rich beyond the dreams of avarice," German-Americans, voluntary rationing (successful here, Mrs. Burnett-Smith thinks, only because we never felt real shortage), "class," women's clubs (for which she felt apparently real admiration, especially in small towns), food (with the exception of salads, called monotonous), travellers, suffrage (her interest in which is feeble), and politics—such things attracted her attention. Her experience was largely *de luxe*, but she found "simple folk" in "millionaires' houses" and among rich women "a pathetic eagerness . . . to become part of the world-wide sisterhood of service." Our sense of the occasional freshness of Mrs. Burnett-Smith's observations faints under the burden of such remarks as: "Is not life itself the greatest adventure of all?"; "it takes all sorts of people to make a world"; "unmoral, rather than immoral." But on at least one point her appreciation rings true—our domestic conveniences; and her enthusiasm reaches its height when she desires to take off her hat to the American plumber for his services in keeping warm the American house.

THE ardors celebrated in "Coloured Stars: Versions of Fifty Asiatic Love Poems" (Houghton Mifflin), by Mr. Edward Powys Mathers, have not been uttered in original English poetry since the days when the young Marlowe and the young Shakespeare lavished the wealth of Elizabethan eulogium upon the gorgeous bodily beauties of Hero and Venus—and even those ladies, all red and white, seem a little cool and proud compared with the browner girls who kindle such infinite desire in Asian lovers. The poets whom Mr. Mathers has here rendered

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with delicate skill represent almost every corner of the continent, yet the most frequent note in the collection is the flaming praise of radiant mistresses, pictured not so much in the lover's hours of longing as in the hot moments of the fruition of his desire. For sheer intensity it would be hard to equal the two Afghan poems, "Black Hair" and "Lover's Jealousy," or the Kurdistan "Vai! Tchodjouklareum"—full of raptures as barbarously naked as the girls they praise. Out of the same fury comes the Altai "War Song," which sets forth the most tempting charms of love, only to vow that still better are the arrows and sabres and black horses of battle. The Burmese "My Desire," only a little less passionate, is more philosophical. What most differentiates this anthology from any similar one that could be made from European literature is the comparative absence from it of the deep humility of the lover before the person or the thought of his beloved. These lovers are nearly all superbly confident. More civil moods, however, appear in the Hindustani pieces, which are not without a note of fear and distrust of women as chilly jilts. True to our preconceptions, the Japanese poems are the daintiest, all but one in the accustomed five-line stanza, and each one an exquisite picture associated with tender longing; and the Chinese poems seem most familiar, most universal, in feelings and ideas. Without the abandon of the poems from western Asia, and with less than the hard, bright compactness of the Japanese, they are exquisitely truthful and humane. It is notable that only the eastern Asiatics are here represented as giving expression to the woman's emotions, as if in the west, women, at the worst the victims of desire, were at best only an ear to hear of it, never a voice to speak it out.

MR. J. A. R. MARRIOTT'S "The European Commonwealth; Problems Historical and Diplomatic" (Clarendon Press) brings together some fifteen essays, written in all cases save one since the outbreak of the Great War, and deriving a certain underlying unity from the emphasis placed upon the evolution of the nation-state and upon the questions raised by the elusive principle of nationality. It goes without saying that so many papers, prepared for separate publication in a half-dozen different periodicals, furnish no adequate treatise on any particular subject; and we still seriously lack a scholarly, readable, brief diplomatic history of modern Europe, worthy of a place beside the author's "The Eastern Question." Chief among Mr. Marriott's topics are the English diplomacy of the third quarter of the nineteenth century, the Hohenzollern traditions, "the problem of small nations and big states," Poland, the Near East, the problem of the Adriatic, and projects of peace since the era of the Holy Alliance. The essay on the Adriatic question illustrates the author's tone and temper in handling a highly controversial subject. The rival Italian and Slavic claims, as well as the indirect interests of other peoples, are impartially set forth, and a solution is outlined whose cardinal feature is the turning of Trieste and Fiume into free ports, the one to be under Italian, and the other under Jugoslav, suzerainty. Upon the proper course of his own country relative to this controversy the author is in no doubt. "Bound as she is," he says, "by ties of ancient friendship to Italy, and at the same time deeply involved in gratitude and by her professed principles to the Jugoslavia of the future, it must be her part, by every possible means within her power, to assist the restoration of that just balance and natural harmony between Italians and Slavs which can alone solve the problem of the Adriatic." Written originally in 1915, and but slightly revised since that date, the discussion of this thorny question takes no account of many important conditions that have more recently developed. And therein lies the principal drawback of Mr. Marriott's book as a whole; it is too meagre to pass as an adequate historical treatment of its several themes, and its lack of freshness robs it of the value of a strictly up-to-date discussion, much as such a discussion is just now needed.

Music

Some Singers and a Few Artists

WE have applied the term "artist" so indiscriminately to all who follow the interpretative branches of music that we have apparently ceased to discriminate between those who merely execute and those who re-create. As Arthur Symons says, "We have but one word of praise, and we use that one word lavishly." We use it, for instance, in connection with Galli-Curci. Yet to hear Galli-Curci in recital is always cause for wonder that anyone with such an exquisite medium of expression can have so little to say. Nor do the succeeding years seem to add to her artistic vocabulary, as her recent appearance at the New York Hippodrome emphasizes. Again she delivered her songs as though the words had no meaning and the music no other function than to display the delicate embroideries of her voice. There is probably no other singer before the public who dares to utilize songs in just this way. One cannot lay this wholly to the Italian's contempt for the concert stage, for in spite of their limited vision in this respect her compatriots sing their native airs, at least, with both style and feeling; nor can one attribute it entirely to that coldness so often found in coloratura sopranos, for coldness does not necessarily imply a lack of musical intelligence. Perhaps, after all, one can best understand Galli-Curci by regarding her merely as a voice that has nothing to reveal other than its own perfection.

But if a perfect voice is not sufficient to project the mood of a song, neither, also, is a perfect enunciation of the text, as Reinald Werrenrath demonstrated some few hours previous to Galli-Curci. Mr. Werrenrath has of late years been considered our foremost American barytone. Yet he can be called representative only in the respect that he is a typical product of American culture with its purely intellectual background and wholesome outlook upon life—a culture that reveals itself in a refined humor, an elegance of diction, and a clear exposition of the subjects that are presented. In other words, Mr. Werrenrath is a skilled executant who has a beautiful voice and handles it well, and who can always be relied upon for a certain solid musicianship, but who seldom gives us more than the semblance of a picture. For this reason, his recitals are often singularly dull, because they lack that imaginative quality which has its roots in the emotions and which is the quickening spirit of all pictorial art.

This imaginative quality is as rare as it is unmistakable. That it can differ strongly in kind has just been evidenced in New York by Greta Torpadie and Sophie Braslau, who gave their concerts on the same afternoon. They were the first song recitals of the season (with the possible exception of Ottilie Schillig's) to show any real imprint of those inner forces that rule the human consciousness. Miss Torpadie is a young Swedish soprano, whose coloratura voice, while small, is very clear, and of that curious timbre that distinguishes the Northern from the Latin voice and that makes it so frequently misunderstood. Its greatest asset, however, is its tonal receptivity to Miss Torpadie's extraordinary interpretative idea, for there is probably no other singer on the American concert stage so varied in style or so sensitive to so many beauties. Whether it is in the early classics with their exquisite formality of line, her own native Scandinavian airs with their intense, melancholy coloring, or those modern, atmospheric songs with their insistent demand for "Pas de couleur, rien que la nuance," she paints with equal freedom and equal surety of stroke. One feels that her effects are instinctive, because they have that stamp of inevitability that alone brings conviction. An art so fine is apt to border on the tenuous and exotic. But while it may not always be appreciated by the multitude, it will always be cherished by the musician.

It was a new Sophie Braslau who filled Carnegie Hall last week, a Sophie Braslau who, in one long stride between seasons, suddenly revealed herself, both vocally and artistically, as

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supreme among American contraltos. Her voice had a brilliancy and flexibility, her manner a dignity and repose, that hitherto used to be lacking in her work. It was as though the same power that had freed her vocal chords had also intensified her finest sensibilities. Yet in her art Miss Braslau may be called an American only by accident of birth; for her serious nature, in spite of occasional flashes of humor, is essentially Russian in its profundity of introspection, its intellectualism highly surcharged with emotion. And so she has usually sung to most advantage in the passionate airs of the Russian Romanticists, the tragic bitterness and irony of Moussorgsky and those poignantly sad Yiddish melodies that never fail to reveal the oppression of the race from which they sprang. It was all the more surprising, therefore, to find her at her best in the classic group with which she opened her program. For such songs as the Dove Sei by Handel and Nature's Adoration by Beethoven demand a chaste nobility of style—the "grand manner" in its purest sense —that is the high test of artistry. And Miss Braslau met the serenity of the one, the majesty of the other, with a spiritual grasp that not only made them the climax of the program, but that lifted the whole recital from the realm of art into the realm of spirit. H. S.

Drama

Within Our Gates

LET us suppose that, among the many thousands of visitors who throng New York during the fall and winter months, there were also to be found one of those forlorn children of light whom Matthew Arnold was fond of mentioning. It might even be some college professor from the West or the Middle West. Such things have been known. He has probably taught through a long winter and also, in order to save a little money, through a dusty summer. He has lectured on the drama, its development and technique, but has seen nothing for many, many months except Mary Pickford on the screen and once Mr. Robert Mantell as Macbeth. And now the air of Broadway tingles on his face and his great moment has come. He is here to draw inner sustenance for another two or three years. And luckily—oh yes, such things happen too—he has moneyed friends here to whom theatre tickets (war-tax and all) are unconsidered trifles. His host is down-town on business. But his hostess is admirably present and sympathetic. Of course, he must see the new plays! She quietly observes him, poor dear, with his blending of a becoming gravity and a boyish eagerness. She decides against box-seats and first nights. He hasn't probably—again, poor dear!—the proper clothes. She scans the paper. The sunlight falls on the permanent Marcelle waves of her hair. The Professor, once her classmate, decides that the art and air of the metropolis make for youth. She must be quite . . . The hostess interrupts his reflections. "Marjorie Rambeau is at the Maxine Elliott in a new play. How lucky! She's perfectly wonderful. And they say that 'Wedding Bells' at the Harris is quite adorable. Such a good cast, too. And of course you're not to miss 'The Sondaughter,' Mr. Belasco's new production. Most artistic, you may be sure. You'll love it!" Already a little shadow creeps into the Professor's mind. She mentions no authors. By whom are these plays? But he is shy, and his two glittering weeks are all before him, and he determines to let her be his guide.

He couldn't, somehow, share his friend's exuberant enthusiasm for Miss Rambeau. He admitted that the play, "The Unknown Woman," put together by three people of whom he had never heard, was preposterous. He told his hostess that it was kept going only through a voluntary suspension of common sense on the part of both characters and audience. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling that Miss Rambeau's intensity need not have had that edge of roughness. There was a twang in it, as of a brazen string. He honestly thought the part of the fat ward-heeler the best taken in the play, and his hostess concluded that learned people have their own crudities. The surface of her brilliant eagerness to amuse him was slightly dimmed.

The Professor did enjoy "Wedding Bells." Again, although he thought he knew the history of the recent drama moderately well, the name of the author had no associations for him. And again the fable of the play was silly beyond belief. But he yielded himself gladly to the verve and sprightliness and obvious intelligence of the acting. It was not hidden from him that Wallace Eddinger's mannerisms were merely stereotyped mannerisms carried from play to play. But to him they were not stale. And he was delighted by Miss Margaret Lawrence's suave brightness and intellectual grace and by the full, rich flavor—like that of good ale—of John Harwood's performance. His hostess was perceptibly cheered, and at once ordered magnificent seats for the next night at the Belasco Theatre. She anticipated a wonderful moment.

The solemn splendor of the playhouse's interior attuned the innocent Professor to a mood of lofty expectation. He was thrilled by the lovely sound of the bell that signalled the rising of the curtain. But he gazed and listened with a growing astonishment and finally with a sardonic smile. Tucked in his hostess's car he spoke, poor man, with that touch of the didactic which polite people deplore in his kind, and with a virility of diction that would come out whenever he was at a safe distance from his dean and his president: "To smother such inhuman and d based drivel in Chinese objects of art that are worth a fortune is the last insult to the art of the theatre and the public intelligence. It's literally trying to make a silk purse out of a ——" His hostess interrupted him with infinite delicacy and skill and made a mental reckoning of the number of days her friend had still to be entertained.

But she was really as heroic as she was kind. She made appropriate inquiries and took the Professor to the haunts of a supposedly more authentic art. He followed her gladly, though now with an inner wariness. He saw Lennox Robinson's "The Lost Leader" at the Greenwich Village Theatre, and sorrowfully recognized a noble intention unsupported by either dramatic or intellectual power, so that the play trailed off into a babble of empty verbiage. He wondered how so clever a man as Frank Conroy could have been taken in by so sterile and ineffectual a play. He was frankly amused by the amateurs who spouted the sociological platitudes of yesteryear at the delightfully built little Bramhall Playhouse. Nor was he unaware of the pathos of the discrepancy between its manager's aspirations and abilities. He went to MacDougal Street and saw the Provincetown Players (of whose former seasons he had heard good reports) indulge in banalities no less annoying for their frenzied queerness, and found confirmation of his old adage that freedom in the life of art and of the intellect is unattainable by febrile temperaments without either knowledge or power. He went to the opening bill of the Théâtre Parisien at the Belmont Theatre and saw a hard, chill, shallow little comedy of amorous intrigue performed with unmistakable skill, but in an almost archaic tradition of the art of acting. He also heard there a little opera bouffe charmingly sung. And he enjoyed one melody by Claude Terrasse so much that, with his incurable touch of rusticity, he hummed it on the way to his hostess's house.

That lady felt both righteous and relieved on the day of her friend's departure. She was far too busy to reflect, but he gave her an uneasy sense of his intellectual remoteness. She was too clever not to have been able to follow the paths of his thinking, but she was far too comfortable in her present mental condition to attempt it. The Professor, vastly stimulated by his experiences despite his obvious disappointments, mulled over on his westward-speeding train the outline of a lecture which his local Drama League Centre would find immensely acceptable later in the winter. Certain sentences formed themselves in his mind with a rare inevitableness and ease: "Great wealth is be-

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ing expended on our American theatre, and there is no dearth of admirable talent among our actors and our craftsmen of the stage. But all this wealth and talent are left wholly sterile through the lack of a directing intelligence. The managers are commercial opportunists who have not yet attained the ordinary business man's instinct to employ experts. They are advised by 'cheap' people to do 'cheap' things that are supposed to be unfailingly successful and are, in fact, the wildest gambles. Good plays, selected by sound judges, would probably average quite as high a number of commercial successes as the pieces now produced. Hence the central problem is assuredly this: to make the managerial mind more accessible to the influence of the best available knowledge and judgment in its own field. . . ." Whether, for one wild and half-waggish moment, the Professor had a vision of himself lifted out of his poverty and appointed dramaturgic director of some metropolitan manager at a fabulous salary, history does not record.

L. L.

Books of the Week

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Bullard, Arthur. The Russian Pendulum. Macmillan. $2.—Bullitt, William C. The Bullitt Mission to Russia. Testimony before the Committee on Foreign Relations, United States Senate. Huebsch. 50 cents.—Burton, Theodore E. Modern Political Tendencies. Princeton University Press. $1.25.—Hunt, Alice Riggs. Facts About Communist Hungary. People's Print. 10 cents.—Rai, Lajpat. The Political Future of India. Huebsch. $1.50.—Ravage, M. E. The Jew Pays. Knopf.—Rightor, Chester E. City Manager in Dayton. Macmillan. $2.50.—Ross, Earle Dudley. The Liberal Republican Movement. Holt.—Smith, Snell. America's Tomorrow. Britton Publishing Co. $2.—Tyau, M. T. C. (editor). China in 1918: Being the Special Anniversary Supplement of *The Peking Leader*, February 12, 1919. Shanghai: Commercial Press. $1.—Woods, Arthur. Policeman and Public. Yale University Press. $1.35.

FICTION

Bertrand, Adrien. The Call of the Soil. Translated by J. Lewis May. Lane. $1.60.—Cannan, Gilbert. Pink Roses. Doran. $1.75.—Couperus, Louis. Ecstasy: A Study of Happiness. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.—Glasgow, Ellen. The Builders. Doubleday, Page. $1.60.—Kyne, Peter B. The Green-Pea Pirates. Doubleday, Page.—McKenna, Stephen. Sonia Married. Doran. $1.75.—Ollivant, Alfred. Two Men: A Romance of Sussex. Doubleday, Page.—Oppenheim, E. Phillips. The Box with Broken Seals. Little, Brown. $1.75.—Raymond, Robert L. At a Dollar a Year. Marshall Jones. $1.50.—Rolland, Romain. Colas Breugnon. Translated by Katherine Miller. Holt.—Vaka, Demetra, and Kenneth Brown. In Pawn to a Throne. Lane. $1.60.—Walpole, Hugh. Jeremy. Doran. $1.75.—Weyman, Stanley J. The Great House. Longmans, Green. $1.75.—Winsor, G. McLeod. Station X. Lippincott. $1.50.

Bower, B. M. Rim o' the World. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.60.—Comstock, Harriet T. Unbroken Lines. Doubleday, Page.—Jerome, Jerome K. All Roads Lead to Calvary. Dodd, Mead. $1.75.—Marshall, Archibald. Sir Harry. Dodd, Mead. $1.75.—Maurois, André. Ni Ange, ni Bête. Paris: Librairie Bernard Grasset. 3 fr. 50.—Richmond, Grace S. Red and Black. Doubleday, Page.—Ward, Mrs. Humphry. Helena. Dodd, Mead. $1.75.

POETRY AND DRAMA

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International Relations Section

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The Diplomatic Balance Sheet in Russia

By EVANS CLARK

MODERN diplomacy is international business. The war, and even more the peace, has brought diplomacy down to earth in the minds of the common people of all countries. With every fresh glimpse of the inner offices at Versailles, Washington, and London, the talk of the common man about world affairs becomes more a matter of plain economics and less one of picturesque personalities. All diplomacy is rapidly coming to be considered as "dollar diplomacy."

All business is essentially a matter of profit and loss. The greater the likelihood of loss the greater must be the prospects of profit. So it is also in modern diplomacy. No venture in the history of diplomatic business has presented more risk than recent Allied policy in Russia. A mere catalogue of the losses and possible losses is quite staggering. In the first place there are human lives. Already some five hundred American youths have been killed or maimed in the Russian venture. British and French losses are considerably greater.

There is no means of estimating the amount of money sunk in this venture. First of all are the military and naval expenditures. Since the United States is at "peace" with Russia, President Wilson has been forced to contribute money from his private fund for emergency uses to support American troops in Siberia and Archangel. There has been no public accounting of this expenditure. In England, however, the items of the Russian expense account up to July 31 last have been published in a recent "White Paper" as follows:

Naval and military operations connected with the occupation of and withdrawal from North Russia (Murmansk and Archangel)	$89,000,000
Maintaining an army in the Caucasus	14,000,000
Naval operations in the Baltic and Black Seas	26,000,000

These are but a part of the original investment. The British have supplied Denikin and Kolchak with great quantities of military equipment. Newspaper dispatches are frank in stating that much of Denikin's recent success is due to large numbers of tanks supplied by the British, as well as quantities of small arms and ammunition, poison gas, and other supplies. It has been stated that all the war material at Salonica was placed at his disposal by the Allied Governments. The amount of equipment supplied to Kolchak is also immense. Even the United States Government, it was recently announced, has dispatched 75,000 rifles and other arms to the so-called Omsk Government. The Northwestern Government of Judenitch is an English creation that must already have involved a considerable financial outlay. A Helsingfors dispatch to the *Stockholm Dagblad* on August 28 stated that Great Britain had guaranteed a 350,000,000 ruble issue of notes of this Government at a rate of 40 rubles to the pound. These items of expense do not include the cost of setting up and maintaining the Archangel Government, nor the financial aid and comfort rendered to lesser lights than Kolchak, Denikin, and Judenitch. British "assistance" alone has reached the following proportions:

Assistance to the Baltic states, including the Northwestern Russian corps	$14,000,000
Assistance to Admiral Kolchak	72,000,000
Assistance to General Denikin	130,000,000

A less tangible, but none the less real, financial loss is that occasioned to the business of the Allies by the blockade. American exports to European Russia in 1913 were $25,000,000, but in 1917 they had increased to $400,000,000 in value. These were not alone war materials, but also great quantities of agricultural implements, automobiles, cotton, cordage, locomotives, typewriters, machinery, and leather.

Just as American exporters were beginning to develop the possibilities of this vast market the blockade intervened. In the year ending May 1, 1919, American exports to European Russia had fallen from $400,000,000 to $7,000,000. For a country whose business men are supposed to be extremely eager to open new markets, these figures do not begin to show the loss involved. The loss to British business is greater in proportion to the larger share of exports to Russia that the English had captured before the war. The blockade has reduced an export business of $72,000,000 a year in 1912, to practically nothing.

This represents the loss in exports alone. The loss in imports of raw materials from Russia is even greater. Russia has been one of the world's chief purveyors of flax, hemp, timber, furs, hides, bristles, and other materials used in European and American manufactures. Never in the world's history has there been such a demand for raw materials as there is today. European industry, reviving after the war prostration, and American industry, grown immeasurably and straining at the leash, require unprecedented supplies. The blockade has cut off one of the chief sources of these materials. To take but one illustration: recent reports from Belfast and other producing centres in the United Kingdom state that the shortage of flax has caused a partial shut-down of great numbers of linen mills, with resulting hardships to manufacturers and working people alike. The annual flax requirements of the United Kingdom before the war were 100,000 tons. Of this amount 10,000 tons came from Ireland and 10,000 more from Belgium, France, and Holland. No less than 80,000 tons came from Russia. Great Britain has cut off 80 per cent. of its flax by the Russian blockade. Nor is England the only loser. American manufacturers use British linen in making piece goods. The first half year of 1918 the exports of piece goods were 17,431,500 yards. This year the figure is 5,528,000 yards.

Nor does this loss in raw materials of all sorts complete the total expenditure involved in the Allied Russian policy. National prosperity rests on national unity. Business flourishes on domestic confidence and tranquillity. The amount of unrest, suspicion, and antagonism aroused by Allied Russian diplomacy among the working people and the liberal

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intellectual classes in the Allied countries is a matter of common knowledge. Its effect on Allied prosperity cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. When the great Triple Alliance of British workers, controlling the nation's transportation system, seriously considers a strike against the Russian policy of the British Government; when workers in Milan, Seattle, San Francisco, and other ports refuse to load vessels with arms and ammunition consigned by Allied Governments to Kolchak; when the Italian workers call upon the workers of the world to refuse to produce ammunition for use against the Soviet Government, it is safe to say that the Governments of the Allies face a risk of no mean proportions. And to this must be added the moral effect on the Allied nations of pursuing a policy that violates human decency and finds no sanction in international law.

Such are some of the risks of the Russian venture. That the Allied statesmen realize their significance we are bound to assume. Whatever else these men may be they are not stupid. Especially are they not stupid in matters of *Realpolitik*. We may assume that they weigh with some care the profit and loss of an undertaking of such magnitude.

What, then, are the profits that weigh against these extraordinary risks to tip the balance in favor of this Russian policy? Current explanations and apologies fail to reach the heart of the matter. Fear of Bolshevism, horror at Communist "atrocities," and love of anti-Bolshevist Russians are doubtless elements in the determination of Allied diplomacy; but however great may be their importance as justifications, they are of minor significance as motives. Czarism was fully as repugnant to Anglo-American and French democratic ideals as the communism of Russia today, and not a whit less aggressive and internationally ambitious. And yet there was not even the suggestion in Allied diplomatic circles of a *cordon sanitaire* against the monarchistic and bureaucratic "infection" of Russia under the Czars. Even granting the validity of the most extreme reports of the "Red Terror," the amount of violence and bloodshed under the Soviets could not begin to compare with the atrocities committed under the Czars. Beside the hideous barbarities of the Black Hundred, the wholesale exiles and executions, the "punitive expeditions," and other cruelties of militant autocratic bureaucracy, even the wildest tales of Bolshevist excesses seem mild. And yet the Allied Governments did not seek to overthrow Czarism by violence and intrigue. Americans, British, and French have time out of mind lauded and fêted the democratic forces of old Russia. Kropotkin and Breshkovskaya were prophets honored beyond measure in countries not their own. But the Allied Governments never proposed to invade Siberia to effect their release from Czarist tyranny and oppression, nor to lend troops to aid the forces of the Revolution.

The expected profits of the Russian venture were not so intangible as these profits of fear appeased or of friendship championed. Russia is the world's unopened treasure box. Who shall open it? That is the heart of the matter. Russia leads the world in the magnitude and immensity of its natural resources. Russia lags behind in their exploitation. Vast wealth, backward development—it is this magic combination that draws out, like filings to a magnet, the designs and ambitions of modern diplomacy. When domestic conditions in such countries have been unfavorable to the development of these designs and ambitions—in a word to the profitable investment of foreign capital—foreign intervention has invariably resulted. When peaceful penetration fails, penetration by the sword must follow. Such are the ways of diplomacy in the days of economic imperialism. We have witnessed them in Africa, Persia, and China. We see them now at work in Mexico. Were it not for the barrier thrown up by the Monroe Doctrine we should have seen them also in South America.

In Russia the situation is simply this: The Soviet Government is dedicated to the public ownership and public enjoyment of the wealth and resources of Russia. The people themselves, through their Government, propose to exploit their own riches and reap their own profit therefrom. It is true that Lenin has offered wide concessions to outside capital; that the Soviet Government is willing to let the foreign investor make a profit in return for the technical skill which he can hire and furnish for the rehabilitation of Russian economic life. Ultimate control, ultimate ownership, however, in all of these offers have been reserved to the people of Russia. No perpetual franchises are to be handed out to private interests in the exploitation of Russian wealth. Nor can the workers of Russia be made the helpless victims of such exploitation. Their status as citizens in a democracy of industry is protected by the fundamental laws of the Soviet Government. The firm of Kolchak and Denikin, however, does business another way. Products of the old régime, versed in business imperialism, they are dedicated to the unlimited private exploitation of public wealth. From them the foreign investor will get the whole loaf, not half. Kolchak and Denikin talk the language of Allied diplomacy. Kolchak and Denikin offer inducements to Allied diplomacy that Allied diplomacy can understand. Their key to the treasure box of Russia is one that Allied interests can use with complete freedom and great profit.

On what other basis is it possible to explain the vast economic and political aid which the Allied diplomats have furnished to the counter-revolutionary forces of Russia? Do statesmen and their backers throw away others' lives and fortunes, sacrifice great immediate gains, and risk even their political future to aid such as Kolchak and Denikin without having received definite commitments and agreements as to the return for value received? The recent note issue of the Northwestern Government, it is reported, will be redeemed "three months after the occupation of Petrograd," and is guaranteed not only by the British Government, but "by the entire wealth of the Russian Empire." The entire wealth of the Russian empire—that is what Kolchak, Denikin, and Judenitch are playing for, and it is that with which they hope to repay later those who help them now.

A glance at what this wealth means will be a sufficient explanation of many things. Russia is four times the size of the European continent and contains one-sixth of the land surface of the entire world. Every sort of climate and soil is contained in that vast area. In population Russia is surpassed only by India and China. Russia holds 37 per cent. of the timber resources of the entire world. Some of the forests of the northern provinces of Siberia have yet to be thoroughly explored. Russia holds 50 per cent. of the world's resources of iron ore. It produces 97 per cent. of the world's platinum. No other country in the world has such a wealth of manganese. Russian oil wells in 1900 produced 48 per cent. of the world's output of petroleum. It is conservatively estimated that Russia contains 35 per cent. of the world's resources of fur. The agricultural resources of Russia are unsurpassed. In 1910-1913 Russia produced

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79 per cent. of the world's yield of flax, 56 per cent. of its supply of rye, 54 per cent. of hemp, 27 per cent. of oats, 25 per cent. of wheat, and 14 per cent. of sugar. Russia also produces large quantities of buckwheat, millet, corn, and potatoes. Russian bristles supply the markets of the world, and Russia is second only to Australia and Argentina in the number of sheep that graze on its lands.

This vast production has been achieved in Russia by the most antiquated of methods. Russia is still a backward country from the point of view of modern industrial, agricultural, and commercial methods. Its vast resources are practically untouched; its immense possibilities are as yet latent. The industrial revolution which transformed the economic life of England and Germany in the middle of the last century did not affect Russia, to any great extent, until the beginning of the present century. The steel production—an index to the development of the industrial system—was only 157,000 tons in Russia as late as 1887. In 1897 it had increased to 920,000 tons, and in one year more it had shot up to 1,145,000 tons. In 1887 the total production of Russian industry and mining was 1,300,000,000 rubles. In 1897 it was 2,800,000,000 rubles. The average yearly increase between 1887 and 1890 was 56,000,000 rubles, while between 1893 and 1897 it had reached 276,000,000 rubles.

The years from 1890 on mark the real invasion of Russia by modern capitalism. Mr. Olgin speaks of these years as "revolutionary times in Russian economic life. A wave of energy, a spirit of bold adventure, was abroad. Capital hurried from Germany, Belgium, and other countries to share in high profits. In the metallurgic industry profits of 100 per cent. were not unusual. Stock companies often paid as much as 20 per cent. in dividends. Promoters were active everywhere from the sombre northern St. Petersburg to the hot sun-kissed Odessa." The old régime offered a paradise for investors of foreign capital. It was the development of this paradise that was so rudely interrupted by the war and the revolution, and its renewed and unrestricted exploitation so seriously menaced by the policies of the Communist régime. In the few years of feverish capitalist invasion of Russia, however, only the fringe of the economic life of Russia was touched.

Russia's immaturity of commercial development is shown by the fact that the number of joint stock companies before the war was but 2,000, while in England there were 56,000 such concerns. The total capital represented in the Russian firms was about two billion dollars, one-ninth the amount of United States railway securities alone. The outstanding securities of all the industrial and commercial corporations in Russia, exclusive of railways and banks, barely exceeded those of the United States Steel Corporation.

The same backwardness is reflected in agriculture. The soil of Russia is in many parts richer than that of most of the agricultural countries of the world. In spite of this, the average wheat yield in Russia before the war was one-half that of Austria and France, one-third that of England and Germany, and only one-fourth that of Denmark. The per capita production of wheat was seven poods in Russia as compared with forty in Canada and forty-eight in Argentina. The per capita value of the production of the most important grains and potatoes was thirty dollars in Russia against $200 in the United States. Russia had 23 per cent. more land under cultivation than had the United States, and yet the average yield of grain was ten per cent. less in Russia than was the yield in the United States.

This backwardness of Russia is due in the main to the very limited use of modern agricultural machinery, to inferior methods of cultivation, and to unscientific choice of seeds. In spite of enormous imports of agricultural machinery from the United States and Germany, a vast proportion of the peasants still use the agricultural implements of their ancestors. Not only is intensive cultivation practically unknown, but not less than 95 per cent. of Russia's land area is not cultivated at all. Professor Goldstein, of the University of Moscow, states in a recent book on Russia that "this points unmistakably to the immense possibilities latent . . . for cattle raising and farming as well. If only one-fifth of Russia's land were made adaptable for cultivation through reclamation, irrigation, well-directed colonization, the construction of railways . . . Russian production would increase at least four-fold."

In this summary of economic conditions lies the heart of the Russian situation. Here is the secret of Allied diplomacy. The ways of economic imperialism are the same in Russia as they are in the Saar Valley, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Mexico, Alsace-Lorraine, and China. That they have been less clearly recognized by the public in the case of Russia has been due, mainly, to the bogy of Bolshevism. But there is always a bogy. Probably no more successful bit of imperialist publicity was ever perpetrated than the popularization of misinformation about Soviet Russia; but underneath the smoke-screen the real game goes on. The Allied diplomats, responsive to the dominant interests in the Allied nations, have undertaken the biggest venture in history. Whether their estimate of the balance sheet is correct, whether the wealth of all the Russias will in fact be the profits of Allied diplomacy, time alone will tell. The present situation on the battle-fronts of Russia makes such an outcome appear at least improbable.

The Mandate for Constantinople

By LEWIS EINSTEIN

ON the surface, the American mandate for Constantinople appears desirable in its simplicity. There is something peculiarly gratifying in having that prize of all the ages, for which empires have struggled and gone down, thrown into our lap without seeking it. Yet, alluring as the prospect may seem to unite humanity, national pride, and self-interest, there is another side to the picture which it would be well to examine before going further.

The main facts about Constantinople are as well known as its future prospects remain vague. Its historical, economic, strategic, and religious significance offer the most hackneyed commonplaces. But the whirlpool of different forces around and within it has thrown up a mist through which one can scarcely see beyond the immediate present. Force can always be met by force, and where, as in Constantinople, so many interests balance one another, the city is rendered peculiarly vulnerable to outside mastery. But the knowledge of this fact has tended not a little to obscure the problem by revealing it in too simple a light and isolated and localized in both time and space.

To make the United States the mandatory for Constantinople brings us no nearer to a solution. The mandatory idea is one which professes to aim by a suitable tutelage to prepare ill-favored or backward races for self-government.

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But for whom are we to exercise such mandate? For the Turks? For the Greeks? For the Moslems who form perhaps two-thirds of the population? For the Christians who, divided among themselves, form the other third? Prophecies are nowhere more hazardous than on the Golden Horn, yet it is safe to say that the population of Constantinople will be as far from achieving national unity in another century as it is today.

Once installed at Constantinople, the same reasons will prevent us from withdrawing in fifty or a hundred years as may now induce us to accept the mandate, and whether we desire it or not we shall in self-defense have to become the leading military Power in the Near East. Doubtless we shall maintain order and introduce material improvements; in time bring justice, sanitation, education, prosperity, and all the plumbing of civilization, as England has done in India and Egypt—without being the better loved for it. But our rule will, in the last resort, mean simply the substitution of American force for that of the Turks. We must always remain an alien, and our domination, precarious as alien rule always is, will make us the enemy of other states.

The appeal, however, is made on the ground that America alone can be "trusted" at Constantinople. Beyond the vague generalities and platitudes to which an unctuous doctrine of moral supermen has lately accustomed us, it is hard to know precisely what this trust implies or where it ceases. Apart from the fact that our control of such a prize would give the lie to the professions of disinterestedness which have been our rightful boast, the net result can only be one which will make us either the leading Power in the Near East or else the catspaw of other influences.

Foremost among the problems to be met is the still undecided question of the Straits which would form an essential part of our mandate. Doubtless the first step to insure that the Straits be kept open would be to demolish the existing fortresses overlooking the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. But even this would be insufficient unless we maintained a military force greater than is commonly anticipated; for it would necessitate a garrison strong enough to command the Straits and the Chataldja lines, and the Asiatic approaches of the city. In case of future trouble with a European country what would be the situation of this garrison? Would they not be hostages of any Power able to cut our lines of communication across the Mediterranean? Would they, could they in fact, be neutral? Is it conceivable that an American occupation of Constantinople would not, irrespective of treaties, hinder so far as possible the military and commercial enterprise of an enemy?

This, however, suggests only one small part of the difficulty. The mastery of Constantinople confronts us with a series of intricate relations with the Balkan states, with nations like Russia and Rumania bordering on the Black Sea, with the Mohammedan Powers of Asia from whose racial stocks a motley population has been recruited. We shall be obliged to devise religious policies in a region where religion and nationalism have coincided, and whether we so desire or not we must enter into novel relations with the spiritual heads of the different communities—Moslem and Orthodox, Latin and Gregorian, to mention only the principal groups whose property interests and legal privileges will provide many occasions for surprises. To straighten out the political pathology of a city like Constantinople, where the evils are rooted in the rubbish heap of centuries, offers a task as alien to our experience as it is to our present interests. No other city has such an inheritance of religious and racial ghosts, such a chaos of law and tradition to make real progress arduous. The most beautiful site in the world has been poisoned by the hatred of generations of men.

Yet in its essence the problem of governing Constantinople has hardly altered since Byzantine days. Emperors and Sultans have had to act alike in the sense that whenever strong enough they ruled as they pleased, while when weak they maintained themselves by a system of balances, propitiating their enemies or fostering divisions between them. We may beguile ourselves with the belief that a new principle of coöperation has now been introduced, but we shall find that if there is room for one authority at Constantinople, there is not room for two, and that rule by the United States would require the use of precisely the same measure of force as that of any other Power.

Nor may we hope voluntarily to restrict the zone of our influence and control by declaring any lack of interest beyond the boundaries of the city. If Constantinople has always proved itself an imperial city, it is precisely because it has been the capital of a great region, and not a mere seaport. One cannot permanently alter natural conditions by statute nor erect artificial walls which do not correspond to facts. Constantinople and Asia Minor are not mere segments to be isolated from each other by the secret arrangements of diplomatists, but different phases of a situation which has to do with living men as well as with geography. And until broad measures are taken for the welfare of the human beings involved the rest is only tinkering.

To give Constantinople to a mandatory and cut it off from the rest of Turkey means an artificial separation of that great city from its natural economic hinterland, which is Asia Minor. Map makers who desire this are ready to leave a headless Turkey to survive with full sovereign rights on the Asiatic mainland, without realizing that a Sultan's power would remain intact for further misrule within a stone's throw of his former capital.

It becomes necessary, therefore, to extend the mandate, if mandate there be. Constantinople and Anatolia are politically united. But the effective control of Anatolia can only result in the creation of a vast colonial empire embracing Asia Minor. Is the United States prepared to assume the responsibility of such an empire with all its enormous consequences, and to undertake in the Near East an adventure which, however quixotic its origin, must surely lead to the development of a military imperialism? While it is true that an identical administration for Constantinople and for Anatolia is undesirable, since their conditions and problems are entirely different, yet in the interests of peace and order a definite control of both regions must be exercised of a sort which would involve the United States in an imperial adventure of greater consequence than the country now suspects, and would henceforth connect its interests with those of the Balkans and southern Russia as well as of Asia Minor.

Are the circumstances present which make this necessary? It is hard to believe that no European state, great or small, could be induced to assume a task for which proximity of interest, experience, and a more flexible means of administration more naturally fit it. If the League of Nations is to possess any real meaning, why should it not undertake this task either as a collective entity or else by a distribution of authority? It is not necessary to assume that the whole work need be done by a single manda-

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tory. In the structure of the Ottoman state the principles of restricted sovereignty and of foreign control offer nothing new. Such a suggestion implies only the enlargement of the ancient capitulations under which the Powers had preserved in Turkey certain sovereign rights which they have never abandoned. In a land where official corruption has been the rule, the internationally constituted Council of the Ottoman Debt has for many years offered a precedent in financial administration, suggesting how external control might be arranged. Under difficult circumstances it has shown that where general rights are clearly indicated such control offers not only a theoretical possibility but a practical measure which can be highly beneficial to the country over which it is exercised. Turkey's part in the war, the elimination of its recent murderous rule, and the despair of all who know and like the Turk of any permanent improvement from him if left to himself, point to the necessity of extending outside control to other matters than customs duties, legal offenses, and the collection of taxes. In part this can be done by international means, as in the case of the Ottoman debt, and by utilizing the collective authority of civilization wherein the United States would be ready to take its share. But beyond this it would be well for political control to be in a single hand and for the conduct of military and foreign affairs and the maintenance of order to be under one Power whose charter, clearly limited and defined, would preclude preferential advantages and exclusive rights. Whether England or France or Italy or some small neutral state assumes this task is almost immaterial. What concerns us are rather the broad conditions of the tenure and the avoidance by the United States of exclusive responsibility which would tend to divert American national enterprise into the bypaths of distant adventure.

Documents

Conscientious Objectors in Russia

WE reprint below, from *Le Populaire* (Paris) of November 8, the text of a decree of the Russian Soviet Government exempting conscientious objectors from military service.

Decree of the Council of People's Commissars relating to exemption from military service by reason of religious convictions:

1. Persons who, on account of their religious convictions, cannot take part in military service are bound, subject to the judgment of the National Tribunal, to replace it by an equal period in the service of their comrades, by sanitary service—mainly in the hospitals for contagious diseases—or by other work of public service, at the option of the recruit.

2. The National Tribunal, in giving its judgment for the substitution of civil work for military service, shall demand a report on each case from the United Council of Religious Groups and Communities of Moscow. Evidence shall be given as to whether such religious conviction precludes participation in military service, as well as to the sincerity and honesty of the refractory person.

3. In exceptional cases the United Council of Religious Groups and Communities may apply to the All-Russian Central Executive Committee for the complete exemption of a person, without the substitution of any other service whatsoever, if they are able to prove by written documents on the question, and by the life hitherto led by the said person, that such a substitution would be incompatible with his religious convictions.

Supplementary: The claim for exemption may be made by the person himself or by the United Council. The latter may demand that the case be tried at the National Tribunal in Moscow.

Signed:

LENIN, *President of the Council of People's Commissars*
KURSKY, *Commissar of Justice*
BONCH-BRUYEVITCH, *State Chancellor*
FOTIEVA, *Secretary*

The Kremlin, Moscow, January 4

A French Protest Against the Blockade

WE reprint from *L'Humanité* (Paris) of October 26 a protest against the blockade of Russia signed by some seventy of the most eminent French men of letters, including Anatole France, Georges Duhamel, Henri Barbusse, Charles Gide, and Victor Henri.

A great unfortunate country, torn and exhausted by all its foreign and civil wars, is about to experience sufferings even greater than those which have so far overwhelmed it. Russia is about to see again drawn around it a criminal blockade without precedent and without excuse. Millions of innocent beings who are not always able even to understand the causes of their profound suffering, but who are none the less tortured, are about to experience more cruelly than ever hunger and all the material and moral disasters which hunger brings with it.

The Allied Governments, to attain this inhuman end, have united with their former enemies, and have not hesitated to exert pressure on neutral countries.

We are not concerned with politics. We are not even concerned with knowing whether or not the present Government of Russia imperils—as people say—the order of the world. A great crime is being committed against humanity, a crime such as can result in no good for anyone. We refuse to be parties to this crime; we refuse to be parties to it even by our silence. We protest with all the force of our hearts and minds against an act unworthy of humanity in general and of the traditions of our country in particular.

A. Aulard, the historian of the French Revolution, expresses his sympathy with the protest in the following letter:

DEAR CITIZEN CAUSSY: Instead of signing this manifesto, whose form is not in accordance with my habits as an historian, permit me to express my personal feelings in my own way.

My heart, like yours, was wrung when I saw the Russian blockade proposed. What! We are to make this fine unfortunate Russian people, which has suffered so much from hunger and cold, suffer still more. By our deliberate proposal millions of innocent creatures are to be exposed to death by famine. And when I learned that we were asking—of whom?—of the Germans, coöperation in this cruel enterprise, a blush mounted to my forehead.

Certainly I am anti-Bolshevist, for I am a democrat and I am that in so far as I am a Frenchman. I mean to say that it would be folly to apply to France the bloody methods of an Oriental fanaticism, just as it would be folly to introduce Czarism among us. But let us leave the Russians free to Bolshevize or to Czarize, as it pleases them. Moreover, let us be a little skeptical of the crimes which they attribute to Lenin and Trotzky. Robespierre and Danton, also, were regarded as monsters in human form, and monarchical Europe denounced the French Revolution as a barbarous Saturnalia. I do not mean to say that Lenin and Trotzky ought to be regarded as equal in moral worth to Danton and Robespierre, or that Bolshevism is a constructive revolution as was the French Revolution. I mean only that one should mistrust official truths,

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and that the French people should not treat the Russian people as a nation of assassins.

I think of Voltaire, of that Voltaire whom you, my dear Citizen Caussy, have so diligently edited and written about. What would he say if he were living now? Without doubt he would ridicule the fanaticism of Lenin, but the defender of Calas would cry out in indignation at the idea of combating a doctrine by famine.

Accept, dear Citizen Caussy, my best regards.

A. AULARD

An Appeal from Italy

THE Italian Federation of Labor has issued an appeal to the organized workingmen of the world not to make any more munitions to be used against Soviet Russia. In a letter dated October 30 it says:

You understand better, perhaps, than we in Italy—with the restrictions of the censorship—the gravity of the Russian situation. You know certainly that the Allies are trying to stretch the iron ring of the blockade around the Soviet Republic. The proclamation of General Foch is an insolent and ignoble challenge to the whole new proletarian movement. It would suffocate the Russian revolution in blood.

A telegram from Russia, September 29, brings an appeal from Chicherin, Commissar of the People for Foreign Affairs, to the workers of England and France, urging them to put an end to the intervention of the Allies that is impeding the conclusion of peace in the Baltic region.

The Commissar of the People for Foreign Affairs maintains that the proletariat of the Allies has a powerful weapon in its hands for putting an end to the political imperialism of the ruling classes in respect to the Baltic countries. Chicherin says: "Brother proletarians, demand firmly of your rulers that they stop opposing the conclusion of peace. Success depends upon the strength of your efforts. The Soviet Government of Russia is ever ready to enter into negotiations with the Allied Powers. Render this service, through your agitation, as much to the Russian masses, who wish to live, as to the Baltic populations that are victims of your imperialistic rulers."

This cry of anguish, this sublime alarm, cannot remain unanswered by the syndicalist movement abroad.

The Italian Federation of Labor intends to do its duty toward preventing the forwarding of arms and munitions to the liberty-crushing armies that are fighting the revolutionary troops.

The Italian Federation of Labor, by means of a general strike on the 20th and 21st, in which it hoped it would be joined by the the proletariat of France and of England, intend to signify to the Allied Powers that the laboring class could no longer remain indifferent to the cry of distress from its Russian brothers.

Events are pressing upon us. Action is urgent. We understand the peculiar situation of sister syndicalist organizations and the difficulties in respect to justice for Russia. But the essence of the revolution must find all the proletarian organizations in conscious recognition of the right of the Russian proletariat to determine its own fate and to have such form of government and society as it pleases.

The Italian Federation of Labor feels that in far-away Russia the destinies of the proletariat of the whole world are maturing. The cause of revolutionary Russia is the cause of the entire laboring class that suffers and hopes.

All our organizations must act immediately to prevent the realization of the sorry plans of the oligarchy of Versailles. We propose:

1. That all organized bodies in war industries refuse to make arms and munitions destined to be used against Russia.
2. That we consider seriously and with the greatest urgency the idea of an energetic general and simultaneous demonstration against the governing classes.
3. That we intensify and extend agitation in such form as will induce the governing classes to desist in their foolish effort to destroy the Soviet régime.

Comrades, let us act immediately! History will condemn us inexorably and ignominiously if we do not attempt to save the revolution from reactionary chicanery and pretense.

Lord Bryce on the Near East

SOME interesting suggestions regarding the clauses of the peace treaty relating to the Near East are made by Lord Bryce in a letter to *The Westminster Gazette:*

Apropos of the correspondence which has been passing in your columns, it is surely matter of common knowledge that none of the statistics which any nation in southeast Europe puts forward on behalf of its territorial claims can be trusted. All alike exaggerate the numbers of their nationalities in the disputed areas. As respects Rumania, many well-informed authorities hold that she cannot properly claim more than two-thirds of Transylvania, parts of which are inhabited by a purely Magyar, others by a Saxon, population. Into this question, however, I will not enter, though I have travelled in the country. I write only to observe that there is but one fair and safe way in which the Paris Conference can proceed to settle these controversial issues. It ought to appoint small impartial commissions to examine and report upon the facts, and then decide on the basis of such reports. To yield to interested pressure, or to accept *ex parte* statements in such cases as those of Albania, Macedonia, and Transylvania, will not only give rise to bitter complaints and discontents, but will sow the seeds of future insurrections and wars. The Conference has already created a Teutonic "Irredenta" in Central Tyrol by assigning to Italy a region which is not and never has been Italian, and there seems to be a real danger that it may commit similar errors elsewhere.

The tasks that lie before the League of Nations are already hard enough, without creating new injustices which it will be called on to attempt to redress. I am, faithfully yours,

BRYCE

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